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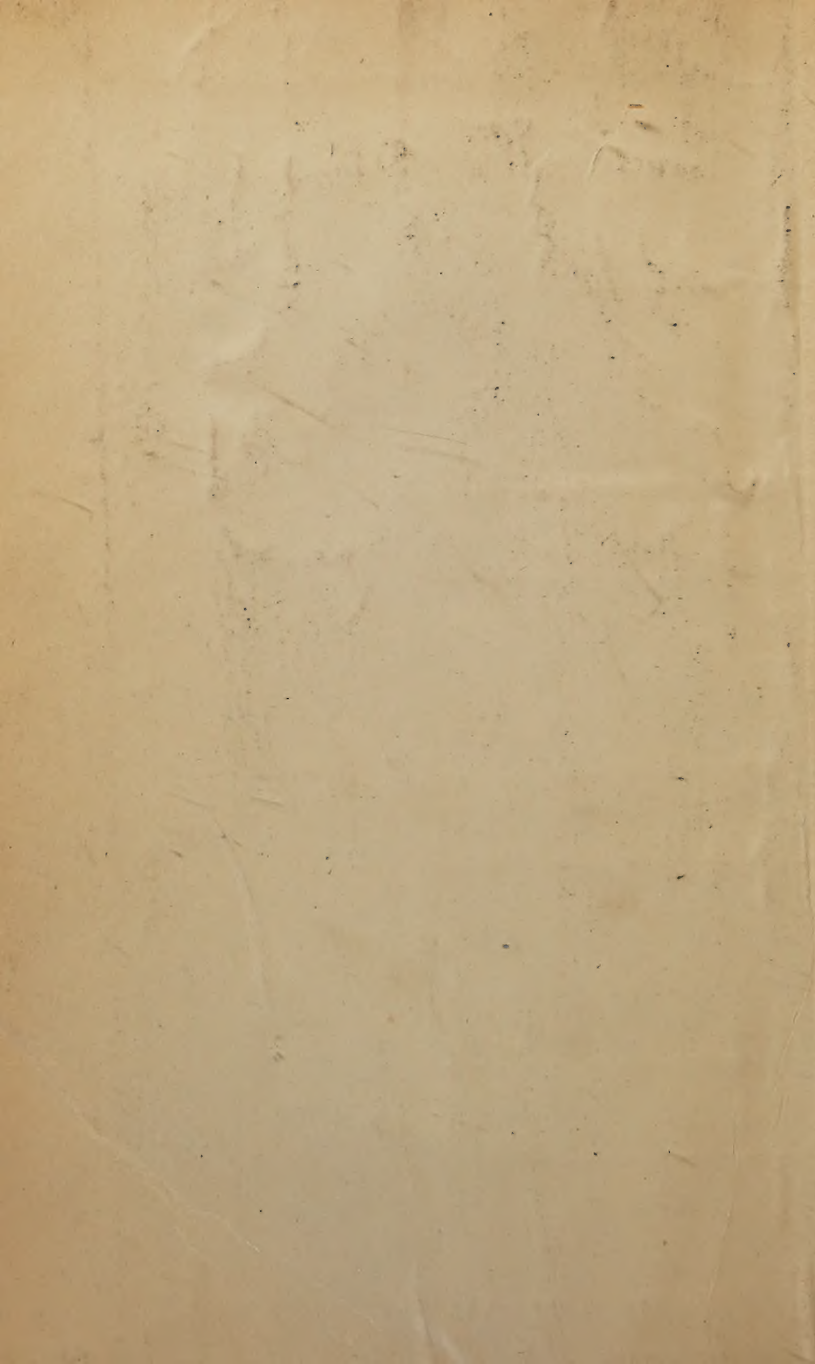


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DRAKE'S QUEST

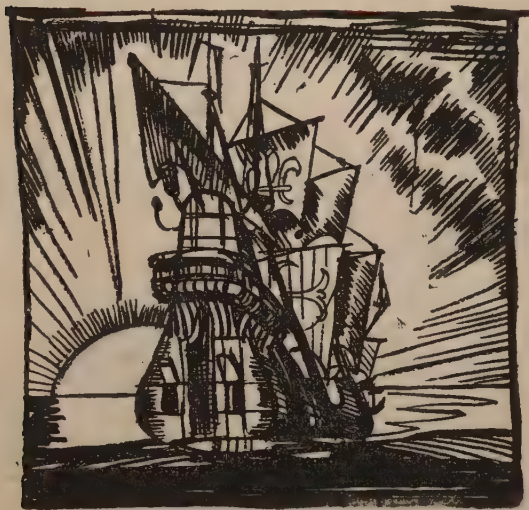
Books by Cameron Rogers



THE MAGNIFICENT IDLER
COLONEL BOB INGERSOLL
DRAKE'S QUEST

DRAKE'S QUEST

by
CAMERON ROGERS



with
fourteen illustrations by
JAMES DAUGHERTY

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For

AUSTEN FOX RIGGS, M. D.

*A gentleman who is, besides other
things, a mariner of valiant and
provident conduct upon the seas*

THE DRAGON

(Drake was well and fearsomely known to every Spaniard in New or Old Spain as El Draque, the Dragon)

*Back among his orange trees,
Beside Saint Mary's Port,
Done forever with the seas
And cruises long or short,
Sidonia the Admiral, High Admiral of Spain,
Dreams evil dreams of battle and the Dragon come again.*

*Spain's Indies lie a goodish way
From Plymouth Town and Hoe;
And yet the Dragon once a day
Hath seemed to come, and go,
Robbing the stately galleons that bring their gold to Spain,
Wreaking sore woe in Aragon, in old Castile sore pain.*

*The Dragon is a fearful man
Unto the King of Spain,
Who, in despite of Papal Ban,
Hath sacked the Spanish Main,
Swept the great Bay of Cadiz and razed Saint Vincent's forts,
And much put down Spain's stout renown in Europe's royal
courts.*

*With Hawkins and with Howard
The Dragon smote the fleet,
And no man called him coward,
That these three English beat.
Yet doth the Great Armada, once powerful and fair,
Lie fathoms deep in sodden sleep and fishes pick it bare.*

THE DRAGON

*With Norreys hard at Lisbon
The Dragon hath made play,
But God hath pleased that Lisbon
Should shuttle him away.
And now once more with Hawkins, he saileth in the West,
To rend anew Spain's Indies upon his ancient quest.*

*Back among his orange trees,
Beside Saint Mary's Port,
Done forever with the seas
And cruises long or short,
Sidonia the Admiral, betwixt a prayer and fast,
Dreams one dream of fair fortune, the Dragon dead at last.*

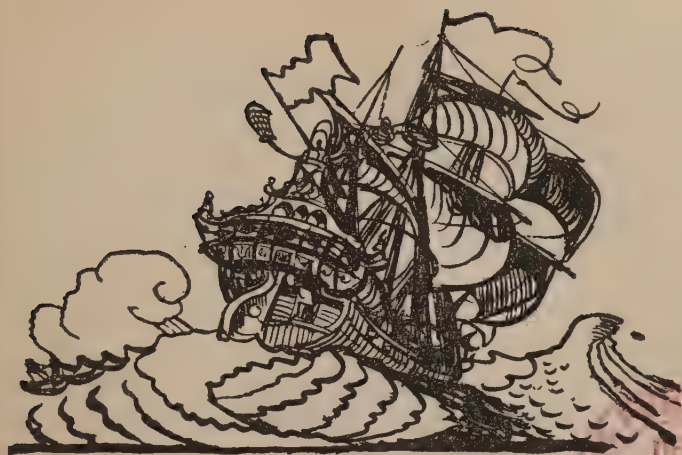
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DRAKE'S QUEST



CHAPTER I

A YOUNG man in a quilted doublet and kersey hose stood leaning against the taffrail of a westward-faring bark and thought of what lay behind him and before him. Under his eyes the white arrowhead of the boat's wake cut the blue of the Atlantic and seemed to be thrusting him farther and farther away from Devon and England and the coasts he knew. Devon meant Crowndale Farm to him, Crowndale Farm near Tavistock, where twenty-two years before he had been born, and Plymouth Town where now he lived during those brief periods when he was home from seafaring, but

England meant all his life to him, glory and riches, and the glad thunder of renown.

It was for England and for England's queen that he now sailed westward to Hispaniola and the new world ports of Spain. Hispaniola and the ports of Spain. Names to conjure with, names bright with dangerous glamour, names that were, he reflected, signposts to all he sought to achieve. No more was he to toil upon the narrow seas in a bucking, loose-planked Kentish coaster while old Edmund Drake, his father, prayed for him in his country parsonage and sent to him hard-earned moneys to improve his sustenance. Now he trod his own deck, captain in the merchant fleet of his powerful kinsman, Master John Hawkins, greatest of all Queen Elizabeth's merchant adventurers, and gold and glory waited his coming in the West, where the skies even now were turned to gold.

No more poverty or obscure endeavors for Francis Drake, Captain at two and twenty of the stout bark *Judith*, trusted lieutenant of the first mariner of his time. Fortune was discovering to him her bounties, and he was not the lad to let them slip.

When, five months before, he had made sail and run down Plymouth Sound with a brave north-

westerly breeze a-strain in his canvas, ahead of him Hawkins himself in the *Jesus of Lübeck*, Jack Hampton in the *Minion*, Tom Bolton in the *William and John*, and the *Swallow*, and astern the little 32-ton *Angel*, and the cannon shots of fare-ye-well, and the cheers of the town, he had never guessed that the Americas were their goal. The Canaries, Hawkins had said, Teneriffe and Gomera, and after that the slave coasts of Guinea, and then, God willing, home again, but after touching at all these places, and shipping five hundred blacks, and more than that, capturing a half-dozen lumbering Portuguese caravels, here they were standing westward toward the far land of King Philip with not a thought for Plymouth Hoe.

Ah, well! Fortune and John Hawkins had consorted too much together not to know best, and, as well he knew, pearls were like pebbles in the Indies and precious ore as common stuff as barley grain in England.

The Captain and Master of the 500-ton bark *Judith* looked out upon the darkening east where sky and water seemed now to intermingle, and sang a merry stave. Gold was the burden of it, gold and glory, and he sang it well and with spirit.

"Gold earrings for thine ears, sweet maid,
And gold shoon for thy feet,
And fair renown for me, sweet maid,
That shall not know defeat.

"Shalt in thy hair a fillet wear
Of pearls and rubies fine,
And on thy fingers stones more rare
Than ever yet were thine.

"Than ever yet were thine, sweet maid,
And what is best for me,
A fair renown that shall not down
On land and eke on sea.

"On land and eke on sea, sweet maid,
So hold thee high and true,
For in the West I lead a quest
That ne'er we twain shall rue."

And when he had sung it once he sang it again with yet more spirit, and turned round from his post at the taffrail and looked westward where the great *Jesus of Lübeck* and the *Minion* sailed far on ahead of him, black specks against the crimson of the sunset.

The last light of the day shone on him softly, a short, powerful figure, round-headed with cropped yellow-brown hair, large blue eyes in a face as brown as a nut, and wide, bold-curving mouth ready with its smile. The face was a boy's face, though confident and resolute,

but the great chest and heavy shoulders were those of a man who took pride in the strength of his body. Not for nothing had Francis labored all his boyhood, first as apprentice and then as master, on a channel coaster. Hard days, those had been, but they had fitted him for combat and victory, and he did not grudge them.

And the hard days were over, the times of flight and penury under Edward VI, when the Drakes of Tavistock had been forced to take refuge from religious enemies in Kent, far from the powerful patronage of the friendly Lord Russell and the sustaining kinship with the Hawkinses. Edward was gone and Mary, and Elizabeth reigned over true Protestants and fast enemies of Catholic Spain. Rack and stake and axe were by with in England, and though in Spain they still wrenched the lives from honest men who would not kneel to Rome, blows were toward that would avenge these, and Hawkins and Master Francis Drake were the men to deliver them. Proud as a spurred gamecock, the young man looked westward for a while and then fell to pacing his deck. Anticipation was in his heart, and excitement, for on the morrow Dominica would jut out of the sea ahead of him, Dominica and the Spanish Main.

Master John Hawkins's six vessels, sailing in the West Indies on his and his queen's business, in the month of March, 1568, rounded up into the wind and dropped anchor off Dominica on the 27th of that month, nearly six months after their departure from Plymouth in the County of Devon. *Jesus of Lübeck*, *Minion*, *William and John*, *Swallow*, *Judith*, and *Angel* all lay together snugly, while on the flagship, Hawkins made ready to go ashore with a small company of soldiers and the blacks intended for sale to the subjects of King Philip. Drake, on the *Judith*, held to his ship, but in the evening of the day went on board the *Jesus* at the bidding of the admiral, his kinsman. Hawkins, sitting at meat in the great cabin with others of his captains, seemed somewhat out of countenance. Francis, uncovering, was bidden to be seated and attend, and did so, wondering what mischance had befallen the day's venture. His master clove straightway to the heart of the matter that concerned his thoughts.

My Masters, there is small profit to be gained an we repose our faith on the friendship of the Spanish that doth here hold the ports. It is well known to me that they hate me, though without cause, for they are better for me by

great sums and I the worse for them by 40,000 ducats. Yet doth they still persecute my intentions and my business so that of the forty score blacks we have with us in our holds I have this day been able to dispose of but a bare dozen only, and that with travail. I am, I thank God for it, no pirate, and I have hated folly ever. I hold the Queen's commission upon the seas and am privy to the desires and strict opinions of Master Secretary Cecil, but I hold it to be in no despite to them if, from here forward, we land our cargoes in defiance to the hostile authorities vested in these islands and dispose of them as we may. Mark me right well, we will neither brawl nor wantonly engage in violences, but an we are forced thereto, we will give battle. We are of old entitled to free trading in these waters, and trade in this wise we will. How say you?"

Loud voices in agreement followed hard upon his words. Francis Drake, youngest of all present by more than a handful of years, nodded his bright head silently and shrugged a little his broad shoulders. Hawkins questioned him with his eyes.

"Has your worship in those two voyages ere this one found these men of Spain aught but angry and ready to do us hurt? I myself, as

your worship knows, put in these two years back at Rio de la Hacha on that occasion of my sailing with Captain Lovell, and we but came off with our lives from a night attack delivered at the instance of the town's treasurer, who would have surprised us in our hammocks."

"Even so, Francis, but I would that you put this memory from your mind lest resentment entreat you to exceed mine orders. It must not be said by severals in England that we here bore ourselves like French pirates. Nay, we will do these angry men no harm. We will e'en treat with them sweetly, tenderly, mark me, until they strike blows at us. We will put in at every place from here westward to Cartagena, plying just trade with all and speaking fair words, e'en though King Philip hath ordered his governors to hold no dealings with us. At Margarita we will have water and victuals. At Borburata we will ashore for a season and careen our ships that must by then be foul and rendered churlish in the water by reason of shellfish and weed. By God's grace, when we fetch Cartagena, we will have no more black men to gain us riches, and may be off again homeward to our wives and sweethearts. Wine, here, boy, that we may

drink to fortune. Nay, fortune is a brave lass, and hath ever been the dear gossip of John Hawkins."

The wine was brought, and all drank deep, their thoughts for a brief, calm space on the green harbor of Plymouth, and the blue, still reaches off the Hoe. To these strong, wild-hearted men who gained their bread on alien waters, England and Devon meant repose, and love, and happiness, and it moved them a little to think of them, beautiful and dear, three thousand miles away. But Francis Drake hummed to himself and beat a tune with the hard palm of his left hand upon his sword hilt.

"For in the West I lead a quest
That ne'er we twain shall rue."

No! by God's body, nor should England rue it, or Queen Bess. Keenly, Hawkins observed him. The older man recognized great qualities in that compact, forthright youth, but he shrewdly suspicioned a lawless streak that would make but little of orders and commandments. As the captains rose to return to their respective ships, Hawkins detained the Master of the *Judith*.

"Hark ye, now, Francis, mark me well, mad wag. I know ye for a valiant youth and a true

one. Ye will rise, go to, and that speedily, but only an ye are flexible to wiser heads that command ye. Kill me no Spaniards now save there be reason, slaughter me no papists. Look to it, boy, and that narrowly."

Drake grinned at him, his notable blue eyes all lit with amusement. Hawkins checked an answering smile and affected sternness.

"Nay, cousin, I make no jest. Nay, by this hand, I am urgent in the enforcement of mine orders. Look to it, I say, and let it not come to mine ears that ye have trespassed."

"See how your worship misreads me now. I but smiled that ye think me not surly. I loved the Spaniards ever and would not do them hurt to save me from those noble fires they would warm me with. Rest well assured, I will act within the clear confines of mine orders, and no trespasses of mine shall reach thine ears."

He grinned again, widely, bowed low in respect to the admiral, turned upon his heel and left the cabin, a slight swagger in his seaman's roll, a very slight one, but perceptible to John Hawkins. The older man, burly, already faintly grizzled above a big face the color of fine mahogany where the stiff beard did not hide it, waited till he heard that swagger on the deck and

then laughed so that the wine cups leapt upon the table. "What a cockerel have we here," he murmured, wiping his eyes; "fox cub, rather, a fox cub that will age and strengthen to rob King Philip's hen roosts of all their golden eggs. How he played with me in his last words. Come to mine ears, forsooth! Fighting is meat and wine to him, aye, and wife, too. He will fight so word of it come not aboard the *Jesus*. And if it doth, what then? Ah-ha! then will I most cruelly lash him, bruise and confound him—with my tongue, and in my reports to Cecil make no mention on't. Aye, for of what use is a sheathed blade, or a stout ship held fast in port, and Francis, or I have not my wits, will serve us far more stoutly than these."

He heaved his bulk upright and went out of the cabin under the stars. To seaward, the riding lights of his fleet dipped and beckoned redly in the night like unquiet messengers of war. Hawkins watched them, thoughtful. "Red," he muttered, "red, the tint of blood and rubies. I warrant me we will find them both."

Dawn found the fleet clearing Dominica, bound southward toward Port of Spain by the islands called Marigalante, Martinino, Santa

Lucia, Saint Vincent, and Grenada. Even as the admiral had foretold, when his captains put in at these places, landed and sought to sell their blacks for gold ingots, rich stuffs, and precious stones, they found the Spanish residents inimical and reluctant to trade with them. Nevertheless, score after score of Negroes were dealt in to their advantage, and no actual armed resistance was offered the Englishmen, though town guards and harquebusiers peered evilly at them from beneath Spanish morions and wished them gone.

At Borburata, or as one calls it now, Puerto Cabello, on the north coast of the southern part of America, Hawkins did as he had planned, landed and saw to it that all his vessels were careened and their bottoms rid of weed and shellfish, while his men, when their work was done, wandered in the white, sun-baked streets of the little town, careless of hard looks from the blackavised inhabitants and avid for the smiles of the beautiful, transplanted daughters of Aragon and Castile who seemed less cruelly disposed toward them.

At Borburata the fleet lay two months while Captain Drake of the *Judith* fretted at the inaction and Admiral Hawkins prepared reports for Master Secretary Cecil and Her Gracious

Majesty, Elizabeth. They sailed one day in early June for Quaraçao, and when they made that island and were lying at anchor preparatory to landing to secure fresh water and provisions, Hawkins summoned Francis Drake to attend him on the flagship. The young man came, hopeful that some bold work was to be demanded of him and stood foursquare and solidly arrogant before his chief. Hawkins, one fist propping a bearded cheek, sat on the poop deck beneath a rough canvas awning, and for a time made as if not to notice his captain, staring beyond him toward the green island of Buen Ayre and the Cayo Grande. Absently, he bit a finger, looked up, and started as though the man had crept upon him silently to surprise him.

“Ha! So ye are here? Well, then lend an ear devoid of those loud noises that betoken folly, and arrange thy mind so that it may receive and be attentive to my words. Ye will take the *Judith* and the *Angel*, this night when ye have watered and well provisioned them, and make on ahead to the Cape de la Vela where, as ye very well know, there is a town called Rio de la Hacha. There ye will land and fathom out the opinion of the Town Treasurer meward, noting well whether he will treat me as friend or enemy.

Ye will do no trading, and ye will, upon no account, stir up quarrels or any warlike tumults. If he be clear against me, return with your report without expending hard words or hard blows to work a change in him. If he be well disposed toward me, wreak me no folly in the town to dissuade him from his opinion. Go now, my master. See, I make ye a repository for my confidence and trust. Let me not be robbed of them. Fare ye well."

He dropped his eyes again to the hot blue horizon. Drake, louting briefly, swung about and marched away from him down the deck, whistling in his teeth a melody now familiar in his admiral's ears. Hawkins bawled suddenly after him:

"Y'are but a scurvy musicianer, Frank, but I love thee. Take some heed to thyself and ward thee against fevers and calentures."

The young man turned in his stride, smiled, and waved a hand. "Rest ye easy, Master Hawkins, I am stout as oak."

One of the *Judith's* complement of soldier-seamen ferried him back to his command. That evening, with the sound in his ears of sailors singing as they lay on decks still warm from the sinking sun, and the sight of bustlings and ani-

mation prophetic of good meats a-cooking and sound wine being drawn for his fellow captains, Drake hoisted sail and ran away southwestward with the little *Angel* heeling valiantly in his wake. His heart was full of joy and his mind of proud resolutions and high plans, for this was his first independent command, and at his own discretion the whole broad ocean was his to sail upon.

The *Judith* and its consort sighted the Cape de la Vela one day at dawn, and awhile later the white walls of Rio de la Hacha. Working his little squadron well in shore, Drake prepared to anchor, and for a time examined what lay to landward. Things had mightily changed since last he had lain here, two years before. His old enemy the Treasurer, seemingly a prudent official of His Catholic Majesty's, had so reinforced his town's defenses with angular bastions and other bulwarks of mud and stone that, with an inconsiderable force behind him, he might well sit in his Treasury and laugh a sea-attack to scorn.

Contemplating these unchancy things, the young man on the *Judith* suddenly observed deploying in the town's square not a man less than a round two hundred harquebusiers whose

actions seemed to him most strange for times of peace.

While he still looked and his men looked with him, a sharp yell from the master of the *Angel*, lying near by, awakened him to an imminent and horrid danger. Over the bastions had suddenly appeared three snouts of bronze, that, even as he beheld them, belched yellow flame and thick whorls of smoke. As the thunder of the discharges reached his ears, the iron cannon balls smote the water beyond the *Judith* with loud, hissing splashes, and a shout full of menace went up from behind the walls of Rio de la Hacha. Drake leapt and shouted an order. The anchors ceased to lower, and, with all dispatch, sails rose and filled on the English ships. Slowly they felt the wind, caught headway, and, with the *Judith* leading, circled out to sea.

The Spanish cannon-ports roared again, and this time from every point and angle on the walls the smoke of gunfire rose and fluttered and dissolved. A man of Plymouth active on the *Angel's* halyards fell suddenly upon his knees and then upon his face in a vivid splash of blood. Spars fell upon the *Judith*, and Drake

cursed all Spain when his ship's timbers groaned and splintered as a ball crashed against them.

Fortunately for the young captain, however, the Spanish marksmanship was of a low order, and as a slant of wind filled his sails, *Judith* and *Angel* drew away out of range of the guns.

For a time they stood out to sea, then suddenly came about and, to the hearty astonishment of the Treasurer of Rio de la Hacha, who, all in steel harness, was engaged in drinking a flagon of Rhenish to his fortune in confounding the heretic devils, ran in again toward the town.

To the worthy don's incredulous amaze, they came steadfast on, the foam curling away from beneath their bows, until his harquebusiers might almost find targets in the men that manned them. Then, with a great slatting of canvas, they went about, and the *Judith* was, for an instant, suddenly hidden from his eyes in a wave of smoke.

With an oath, the Spanish commander ducked and sprang within the wall, remembering in a red haze of fury that his batteries had not been reloaded. An iron shot from the *Judith's* stern chase culverin passed over his head and struck full against the wall of his official residence, and where it struck it passed loudly through,

so that a gaping hole yawned blackly in the white. When once again the bronze muzzles of his periers were prepared to flame, Master Francis and his vessels were out of range, sailing like water fowl, lightly and swiftly, north by northeast.

But Drake had no intention of parting thus casually from his ancient acquaintance. To the Señor Treasurer's acute and profane annoyance, he checked his seaward passage at the harbor mouth, rounded into the wind well out of cannon range, and made as if to lie there forever. For five days the townsfolk walked their white walls observing with jaundiced eyes and bitter hearts the little fleet blockading their port. Drake paced his deck, repaired a few crushed planks and riven spars, and for the most part laughed enormously as the embattled Treasurer marched and counter marched his harquebusiers and occasionally loosed a shot or two seaward by way of promise.

On the sixth day, to Drake's delight and to his enemy's impotent rage, there sailed into the harbor a caravel of advice from no less a one than the Viceroy of all Spain's Indies resident at Santo Domingo. Jauntily and trustfully as a lamb, it gamboled in from the sea

to find two alien vessels awaiting it like wolves, silent and rapacious. In vain it fled shoreward for protection with the harquebusiers. Brown-faced men who bellowed in a strange speech pursued in small boats, overhauled it in the very minute of its fetching land, and ravished it away to sea again with blows and threats of worse. In vain the harquebusiers discharged their weapons and called upon the Virgin to assist them. Their prayers did nothing to improve their aim, and Drake and his men got clean away back to their ships with the Viceroy's caravel in tow. The captain of the *Judith* was all courtesy to his handful of prisoners and housed them in his own quarters, but ashore the Treasurer was as one frantic with the rabies. And to increase his choler, the next day brought a veritable armada to Rio de la Hacha for Hawkins, weary of waiting, sailed in to join his officer.

The admiral was immediately apprised of all that had taken place. He betrayed no sign of any emotion until his young kinsman told of the capture of the caravel, but upon this recital he struck the table in front of him and groaned aloud.

"Oh, prince of fools, doth England war with

Spain that ye thus seize her very dispatch boats? Know ye not, lack-wit, that this be sea-robbery, piracy, foul dealing. Nay, Frank, ye have wrought most evilly in this thing, but in part the blame is mine. See, now. Free me this caravel on the instant. It may yet be well. Free me these men, place me them tenderly in their boat and bid them Godspeed. And make loud protestations of sorrow at their discomfiture, belaboring thyself for an unmindful featherhead. An I may speak privily with his worship the Treasurer, all may yet be well. Yarely, now, yarely, Frank, turn me loose these men."

Drake did as he was commanded, overwhelming his late prisoners with protestations of regret and remorse, but when the caravel had sped away in toward the town, he gave free rein to his bewilderment. Seeking out Hawkins, he begged an explanation. He had, he said, been wantonly fired upon, and he had only returned the batteries' fire. His was neither the fault nor the aggression save in the matter of this paltry caravel which he had been afraid to allow at liberty since it might bear dispatches from Rio de la Hacha to Santo Domingo and bring a whole fleet to destroy him. And what meant all this solicitude for the feelings of the Treasurer? Had he

not sought to kill him? Hawkins smiled and clicked his tongue.

"The blame is mine, boy, it befitted me to tell ye. Ye had no choice but to loose on him culverin and falconet when once he had discharged his pieces. Hearken now, and I will tell ye all. Upon my second sailing in these waters, I put me ashore in this town and sought to do some benefit to my fortune, by a trade in blacks, even as I seek now to do. I found yon Treasurer baleful and an unfriend to my purpose, since he lived in great terror of his master and his master's viceroy. Besides that, he hateth Englishmen, though in the end he came to look friendly upon me and with trust. He desired my blacks but feared lest praters betray him an he transacted with me. So it was agreed between us that he should by day oppose me with a show of fight and by night deal privily with me to our common profit.

"Thus did we, and both were very well pleased. Then ye came and Lovell, and by some malison he liked ye not, suspecting ye of treachery, belike, or of holding a mere semblance or counterfeit of a commission from myself. And he sought to harm ye as ye slept. I make no doubt, when latterly ye swept in upon him from the sea,

he thought ye to be pirates truly, though he played the fool to fire upon ye incontinent without pausing to learn thy business. In replying with thine armaments, thou wert not to blame, but it was folly to seize the viceroy's caravel, for that deed was piracy outright, and our treasurer, on the occasion of his meeting now with me, will hold me blameful for all. Ye might, with justice, have constrained it to bide in port once it had come, but to take it as it came in by assault of arms, there was thy fault, lad. Howbeit, had I told ye this at Quaraçao, ye might have sailed in a more peaceful fashion, begged a parley, encountered no gunnery, and fallen upon no caravel of advice. God's bones! There was an evil chance.

"In sooth, Frank, y'are a bold blade, too bold, methinks, for friendly dealings with such as are these dons. But I told ye not at Quaraçao for that I wished not the Treasurer to think that I had made common currency of our dealings. I see now I was in error. But it may yet be well. I send ashore straight to beg speech with him, and if I can prove plausible in explanation, we will deal even now after our secret fashion. To-morrow, we land and feign attack; to-morrow even we transact in black and gold. Famous colors, both, Frank."

Hawkins reached upon his table for ink and quill. "As ye go, dispatch to me Peter Monson. He shall be mine ambassador and fare shoreward with a truce flag."

Drake left the great cabin of the *Jesus*, pausing to direct to the admiral a stout fellow in hose and canvas jacket whom he found coiling halyards upon deck. The young man was more than ever impressed with the manifold abilities of his kinsman. Boldness and courage, he began to see, were not the only qualities necessary to success in his calling. Cunning and a subtle diplomacy were quite as needful, and he resolved upon the immediate acquisition of both. Hawkins had become one of the most important men in England, the foremost merchant-adventurer in the known world, simply by a knowledgeable usage of all his intelligence instead of only a part of it, and Master Francis now realized that in this matter of the caravel he himself had employed but little reason.

He struck his hand upon his brown forehead and thought aloud. "Nay, Frank, my lad, ye will, after this, breed fox with lion. Guile, boy, and a supple mind, are what ye lack. An ye would seize these fair lands for England, ye need them,

as well as courage, for great deeds. Come, I will regain the *Judith* and drink Canary wine. It breedeth repose and an aptitude for meditation, both of which are fast aliens to my nature." Humming his favored melody, he clambered over the high sides of the flagship into his tender and bade his man put him aboard his bark.

SAN JUAN DE ULUA



CHAPTER. II

HOW plausible Hawkins could be when it so suited his intentions was well shown next day. All passed exactly as he had foretold, and Drake marveled the more at his distinguished cousin's knowledge of the men he dealt with. The Treasurer, cajoled and pacified, continued to feign anger and unwillingness to trade. Hawkins, playing his chosen part, therefore landed a show of armed men, and the Spanish garrison of Rio de la Hacha withdrew a mile into the interior, firing harmlessly with harquebuses and shouting imprecations.

At night came the Treasurer aboard the *Jesus*, spoke fair words to the English admiral and was fair bespoken, drank Canary and concluded business, while Drake and his fellow captains

served him, laughed loudly at his dignified Castilian jests, and swore to him that their only wishes were for his pleasure.

When he left, he observed Drake carefully and turned to Hawkins. "How, said ye, do ye call this youth?"

"Drake, worshipful sir, Drake, or as ye would say——"

The Spaniard caught him up and smiled. "Ha! Don Juan Achines, as we would say 'El Draque,' the dragon. The English Dragon. May it never be Spain's need to furnish his Saint George."

Hawkins smiled and Drake bowed, but a little stiffly. He had not yet acquired his master's easy tact, and he detected patronage, or so he thought, in the Treasurer's words. That official, making his farewells warmly, went ashore accompanied by no less than two hundred blacks, so that Hawkins, on his departure, seemed to feel for him nothing but friendship. He wrote that night a report for Cecil and made no mention of anything that had happened at Rio de la Hacha save the day's pretended battle and the successful disposition of his cargo. Drake's little naval engagement was ignored as likely to arouse my lord Secretary's concern for his relations with Spain's ambassador in London.

On the next day, in the dawn, the whole fleet made sail and stood again westward, putting in from time to time at small ports until it fetched Cartagena, where, to Hawkins's small surprise, it found resolute enmity awaiting it. Word had traveled far and wide in the Indies that the redoubtable Achines was once again a-roving and the viceroy's caravel of advice, quitting Rio de la Hacha, had warned the strongholds. Hawkins, with all but fifty of his Negroes sold, and his holds laden with desirable rich things, made but little of a disappointment at Cartagena. While the *Jesus* and its consorts, save the *Minion*, sped a random bombardment on the chief fort of the town, the latter vessel landed a small force that seized a great store of sack and malmsey, excellent things both for throats made dry and thirsty by salt sea air.

This done, Hawkins laid a course north by northeast for the channel of Yucatan and the gulf stream, intending for home before the summer died. But the fleet had scarce cleared Cartagena when a great gale blew up and roared so loudly, and made such a tumult upon the sea, that when, four days later, it died down, the *William and John* had been forced to sail on alone and the *Jesus* was scarce more than a wreck.

Drake had saved his *Judith* unhurt by a display of fine seamanship, and made on eastward to the Tortugas to search out a harbor which might serve as shelter until the flagship was repaired, but though he also sounded the west coast of Florida, he could find none of a sufficient depth, so that, when he rejoined the fleet, Hawkins decided to bait the lion and sail into San Juan de Ulua, port of the City of Mexico, and the very maw of the power of Spain.

San Juan de Ulua, facing eastward on the Gulf of Mexico, impressed Drake as a very open roadstead for shipping at best, being protected from northerly gales only by a sort of low island the landward side of which was wrought into a series of rough quays at which all vessels were forced to lie moored, easily covered by land batteries. At these quays, when the Devon fleet limped in, were lying a whole flotilla of boats and, observing them, Hawkins, on the poop deck of the *Jesus*, smote his thigh and cursed the wise caution of his nature. Calling to him Robert Barrett, master of the flagship, he pointed with a thick, long finger and smacked his lips.

"D'ye see yonder hulks, Rob?"

"Aye."

"D'ye suspicion what and wherefrom they are?"

"Nay."

"Then I'll right speedily inform ye thereupon. Yonder, my master, lies the treasure flota of New Spain awaiting its escort from Old Spain. Yonder, good Master Barrett, yonder lies a great king's ransom, nay, an I were not honest, a greater queen's. Yonder, fellow, lies gold in shipholdsful, yellow gold in quoits and ingots, and silver, white and shining as a maid's body. Anon will sail into this scurvy port a fleet commanded from afar by one Don for whom I bear, if not love, a passing great respect, and that is Pero Menendez de Aviles, Captain General of the Indian trade. This lord, Rob, is so great a warrior and so stout a mariner and withal so notable a planner of great things, that it paineth me much that God (commend me to His gracious mercies ever) hath made of him a Spaniard. Howbeit, Spaniard he is, and most stoutly doth he contrive for King Philip.

"Shortly, as I say, will his escort put in here and guard yonder floating coffers to Havana where they will be straightaway inforced by the flota of Terra Firme (also, Rob, pregnant with monstrous rich treasures) and from thence all

three companies will proceed to Spain, watched ever by the falcon eye of my lord of Aviles.

These matters, Rob, occur annually, d'ye see? Fate and the all-knowing God (may He assoil us all) hath so ordered things that we be here before the escort, and were I a pirate, as the worshipful De Silva, King Philip's ambassador to our glorious queen, constantly doth din into my sovereign's ears, what d'ye think would hold me from seizing what lies here as defenseless as small lambs?"

Barrett shrugged his wide, canvas-jacketed shoulders and observed his admiral with alert gray eyes.

"Why, nothing, by God's blood, nothing afloat or land-bound, nor tall ships nor embattled armies nor the vengeance of all the kings that now doth wield their scepters in the world. But there! go to, I do not thief. No more on't. Here cometh caravels from shoreward. They think us that very escort that we spake of, else I am much mistook."

His surmise was quite just. The fact that he had lain aboard two or three small Spanish barks cruising in Campeche and constrained them to accompany him as hostages into San Juan de Ulua had deceived the port authorities as to his

fleet's identity. They recognized too late their error, when, on mounting the high sides of the *Jesus*, they beheld no familiar ensign or circumstance and only the burly figure of John Hawkins, flanked by two fellows in battle harness bearing pikes. Stricken into terrified amaze, they were gently calmed by the big Englishman. "Come, sirs, ye have naught to fear from me. Be assured that here ye shall meet with no scathe nor violence. Wat, Dickon, assist me these gentlemen over sides and that tenderly, look ye, by-laying the steel."

The officials, still dumb with the shock of astonishment, were conducted below and into the great cabin, and as they reached it, the ship was checked in its course and rounded noisily up into the wind, a sword's length only from one of the rough stone quays. Seamen leapt ashore and made fast bow and stern cables, and even as they labored, Hawkins joined his chance-spiced guests. "Well met, gentlemen, in King Philip's name and Gloriana's!"

The drawn brown faces of the Spaniards showed no joy, but each one of them bowed with great dignity. Hawkins, in fluent Spanish, ran on undismayed:

"Sirs, I am in sore straits. God sent but lately

a great wind which hath done me cruel hurt, and I stand in bitter need of rest and the time to mend my wounds. Now I know ye gentlemen of Spain too well to deem ye heartless to a mariner betrayed by fortune, and I ask only to be allowed to rest here for a season, recruiting strength and making bruised sides whole again. With your leave, I will just land me a culverin or twain, to guard me against pirates or unfriends of any flag mindful to steal in upon me from the sea to do me harm. I will countenance no tumults or wickednesses from my men ashore or upon the anchorage and I will be most sedulous in avoidance of collision with the desires of your worships. As for the flota, which, I mark me, lies here awaiting convoy, I would not harm it an I could."

He paused and allowed his bold eyes to rest upon each of the Spaniards in turn. As for these, they looked at one another, made an almost simultaneous gesture of philosophical acquiescence and resignation, and then bowed together. One of them, by his grizzled and martial appearance their chief, spoke slowly.

"Don Juan Achines, for I wot well 'tis he, has sharp eyes and a brain that is even yet more keen. The flota of New Spain doth indeed lie

here, and its escort we were expectant to find in this armada. As he is known to us all as a gentleman of honor, we accept his word to us touching the immunity of our sovereign's properties"—he turned to his companions and lowered the fine gray eyebrows a little over his black eyes—"and in sooth, we may neither in justice nor courtesy nor—prudence forbid him sanctuary or protection from scathe that cometh sometimes from seaward. Sir, do your will. Ye are, sir, welcome as any Englishman."

Hawkins bowed most gracefully for so thick a man, and conducted his guests to their boats. That night he dispatched a messenger to the City of Mexico with an application to the authorities to permit him to refit and repair his fleet, and asking that precautions be taken lest conflict arise between his command and the escort when it arrived, not forgetting, however, to land no less than eleven brass cannon and sufficient men to man them. Also, lest he be suspected of truculent intentions by the port authorities, he liberated all his hostage barks save two, and considered, when at a late hour he rolled himself into his hammock, that a good day's work was done.

Next morning, as he broke his fast on deck, came Drake from the *Judith*, taut with excite-

ment. "Look yonder, good Master Hawkins, yonder in the haze!"

The admiral, reasonably startled, looked and beheld nothing. His young kinsman by his side pointed anew and trembled like a bird dog at a field trial. "Nay, more to the north, high spars and floating hulks, a press of them, bearing toward this place with tide and a light wind."

Hawkins peered and saw. "Zounds, Frank, ye have the right of it. The escort of Menendez. Summon the captains to stand to on the instant. See that our fellows attend to their batteries. Yarely now, while I fly signals."

The fleet, the treasure flota, and the port of San Juan de Ulua became all of them at the same minute smitten suddenly into action. On the *Jesus* flags fluttered whitely in the light airs, and loud shouts from the Spanish boats rang across the misty anchorage with the sound of church bells ringing welcome to the advancing squadron. This last, however, did not long continue its advance. Perceiving an alien company of ships in possession, not only of the anchorage, but also, apparently, of the island itself, it checked its progress and lay to, still three leagues at sea, and quite unprotected if the calm weather turned foul. Anon came messengers

from its *almiranta* and *capitana*, or vice-flagship and flagship, demanding information. Hawkins supplied this willingly, realizing that this was not the Menendez war squadron, but another *flota*, outlining his position at San Juan de Ulua, his agreement with the authorities ashore, and his intentions. The messengers returned to the outport vessels, and the Englishman waited, considering with approval in the meantime the efficient disposition of his forces. Ashore, his men manned his eleven guns and awaited orders; afloat, all stood in readiness for either peace or war.

After a considerable period, the messengers returned and, on the poop deck of the English flagship, averred that Don Francisco de Luxan, commanding the Mexican *flota*, and the very high and powerful lord, Don Martin Enriquez, newly appointed Viceroy of Mexico, lay without on two tall ships of war, and that the latter notable, being Viceroy, and having with him a thousand men-at-arms, would come into the anchorage whether Achines willed it or not, and, to be brief, if Achines did not will it, he might go hang or drown, as the fancy took him. Hawkins, attending to these words, smoothed his rough, uncombed beard and looked benignantly

upon the two seamen who stood before him. "In sooth, said his worship so? Heard ye that, Rob, heard ye that now? He will come in, say what I may, he and a thousand men-at-arms. What think ye of that, Rob? There's a brave man, surely. But wait." He ceased suddenly to look with benignity at the Spanish messengers, and on his tongue their own language was turned hard and peremptory. "Tell their donships this. If Enriquez be viceroy, I represent my queen's person, and I am viceroy as well as he; and if he have a thousand men, my powder and shot will take the better place. I hold this anchorage and a strong place ashore, and if he wisheth a fight of it, then I will fight with him and sink him in twenty fathom ere he can board even the least of all my vessels. Tell their worships all of this, now, and be not scanty in the telling o't. Begone!"

The messengers got themselves gone, and Hawkins and his captains, each on his vessel, ate their lunches and dozed pleasantly in the dull, hot sunshine. The messengers in good time came again, weary and wishful, no doubt, of their own lunches. This time, Don Martin and Don Francisco had less warlike words to be made. Would Don Juan Achines be satisfied if his agreements with the port authorities all were

ratified, if no man of their command were allowed to go ashore armed, and if ten hostages were exchanged when once they were safely moored at the quays, to insure that no breach of the agreement be contrived.

Hawkins thought on the matter but briefly. It was, as he very well knew, the only way out of a tight place, and, though, from force of habit, he trusted no Spaniards, he could not see how they might use him treacherously. In consequence, he bade his men feed the messengers and dispatch them seaward again with his expressions of content.

The afternoon grew old, and as dark fell, the Spanish fleet made sail and came in shore to lie all night just beyond the port. Next morning it made a brave sight even for English eyes as it sailed statelily in, capitana and almiranta leading, flying wondrous fair flags betokening the eminence of their commanding noblemen, and decksful of armed men. As it foamed on by the English ships, first the *Jesus* and then all its consorts saluted with a cannon shot, and the Spanish replied, filling the anchorage with thunder. At first, the masters of the flota made as if to moor among the first comers at the quays, but Hawkins demurred. Suavely but with

an iron firmness, he insisted to Don Martin that the vessels be berthed apart, and so they were, Plymouth men and dark, silent seamen from Santander and Bilbao working side by side, amicable and quite unable to do aught more articulate than to smile one at another. Ten hostages were duly exchanged, and Hawkins became more than ever confident that all was to move smoothly, though it disliked him that but twenty yards of water separated the fleets as they lay at the quays, their beaks curving over the very land itself. He remained quite unaware that Don Martin, in the evening before, had dispatched one to Mexico City to bring six score men-at-arms to aid him, and had these smuggled aboard his ships even as his sailors fraternized by means of grins and gestures with the men they designed to slaughter.

Upon the third day, Hawkins, with Drake at his elbow, walked the poop deck of the *Jesus* and was at once aware of an activity in the Spanish company that suited ill with his ideas of safety. Don Martin had warped in on the flank of his vessels and broadside on to the *Minion*, outermost of those of Hawkins, a great hulk which was moored to the Englishman's bow cable, and which, to Drake's fervid dissatisfaction, was crowded

with heavily armed soldiers, no one of them without full war gear. Also, a loud sound of hammering discovered to the English captains that gun ports were being made through which armaments might cover not only Hawkins's ships but his eleven brass guns ashore. Observing these things, Drake and his kinsman looked at each other with a grim surmise.

"Nay, Frank, what may this betoken?"

"Y' know full well. These Spanish shame the cockatrice. They make to slay us as we sleep."

"It may be ye wrong them. Ye were ever an unfriend to them, lad. But, zoons! I like not this press of men beneath Jack Hampton's very counter."

"They make to slay us."

"Think ye?"

"They make, I say, to slay us."

"Well, an that be your rede, I will take me measures. I am not fit to die. Ho! Rob!"

Barrett, his lean sunburnt visage inscrutable, came forward along the deck.

"Rob, are ye firm in the usage of the Spanish tongue?"

"Your worship wots it well."

"Then get ye straight to Don Martin and bid him swiftly cease from planting cannon where

they most might hurt us, and be urgent in demanding that he remove at once this array of villains in harness that be here so close beneath us that we might spit overside and never touch water. Do it swiftly, old friend."

Barrett departed. The Spaniards on the hulk sweated in their steel and gazed silently and without emotion at the two Englishmen who looked upon them across the *Minion* from the high poop of the *Jesus*. Drake fidgeted. "I go ashore. From the *Judith* I beheld flagons at play between our gunners and the Spanish. Our lads, an this continue, will at noon lie dead drunk athwart their pieces."

Hawkins's face had grown stern, and on his forehead had appeared deep lines.

"Begone, then, in God's name. Bid them straightway put by the cannikins. We will need them anon. Of a sudden, I am sure of it. What maketh Rob that he returneth not?"

Drake went forward and on shore by way of the bows which served as gangplank. He met Barrett returning but did not stay him. For the first time he saw his master worried, and the sight distressed him. If John Hawkins was worried, great evil lay, without any doubt, in the offing. He sped the awaited envoy on his way.

Hawkins paced, looked overside at the soldiery, and paced again. He greeted Barrett with relief. "Rob, y'are a welcome sight. I feared for an instant that ye had been poignarded. What said he?"

"He promiseth most faithfully that all shall be done as ye desire."

"Hum. But it is not done. Hark ye!"

The hammering had suddenly become much louder. Hawkins smashed a big fist upon the deck rail.

"Go again, Rob, and inform this don that, an he cease not from this traitorous play, I will open him with cannons proper, bases, robinets, falconets, and culverins, yea, every weapon, name them all, Rob, e'en though we have them not, and blow him into the sea. Do it straight. And say a word to Jack Hampton that he be on the alert."

Barrett went away forward at a run. The hour was about eleven in the forenoon and, according to his courteous practice, the English admiral then went below to take lunch with the ten Spanish gentlemen who were his hostages. Not even in such a pass as this would he appear to use them with rudeness. He found them standing about the long table in the great cabin, which was as cool as a cave after the beating sunlight

upon deck. After salutations, the company was seated, and Hawkins turned with some pleasant word to the neighbor upon his right hand, Don Agustin de Villa Nueva. As his mouth opened, the Don's attendant, standing behind him, leaned swiftly forward and plucked a dagger from his master's sleeve. Upon the instant, Hawkins was upon his feet, his voice a peal of fury, but the long, high scream of a clarion, blown upon another deck than his, drowned his words. The hostages in the cabin of the *Jesus* continued sitting. They knew full well that their viceroy's treachery was loosed, and that it was Hawkins's right to slay them as they sat. None were armed, save Don Agustin, and he had thrown the poignard, given him by his servant, upon the table.

In a moment, Hawkins and his men were on deck and the cabin locked. Stoically, the Castilians hearkened to the long roar of the cannons and sipped their wine. They had no doubt but that, in a little time, men with swords would enter and dispatch them.

On deck and on shore blood was already flowing. With the clarion's signal, blown upon the almiranta, the men in the hulk tethered to the bow cable of the *Minion* fell to pulling upon their

bowline and were soon boarding the Englishman's decks. Upon shore the soldiers so lately drinking in amity with Hawkins's gunners, drew daggers and stabbed them and were reinforced by more of their fellows from the flota. The half-drunken men of Devon did not sleep, but died athwart their pieces. Drake had arrived too late. He himself, with only three survivors, cut his way through to the ships and swarmed up his mooring cable and overside to his deck. But matters had not all favored Don Martin. A perrier ball from the *Jesus* struck the magazine of the almiranta and it burst into flames.

Hawkins, as the Spanish men-at-arms clambered up the sides of the *Minion*, shouted in a great voice, "God and St. George! Upon those traitorous villains and rescue the *Minion*. I trust in God the day shall be ours." He led his men over the side of the *Jesus* on to the deck of the ship attacked, and for many eventful minutes fought hand to hand with the boarders, driving these in the end back on to their hulk. Warned by Barrett to beware of treachery, Hampton had slipped his shore cable and now hauled clear of the quay, hacking loose the hulk's bowline as he went. As Hawkins returned to the *Jesus*, the *Minion* made sail and turned broadside on to the

almiranta into which it poured a terrific fire at close range. The gunners on the *Jesus*, fighting off the drifting hulk and two other vessels, turned their batteries on the capitana, and as Barrett worked his ship out to a position by the *Minion*, silenced in a short time all the flota's armaments. Hawkins, calling for a can of beer, stood by his gunners, and cheered them on. A demi-culverin ball smote his drink as it stood beside him upon a gun breech, and he laughed joyously. "Fear not, lads, fear not, for God who hath delivered me from the shot will also deliver us from these traitors and villains."

But his own guns ashore, manned now by the Spanish, had wrought fearfully upon his strength. The little *Angel* was battered to pieces and sunk; the *Swallow* was untenable. The rigging of his own ship was so shattered that he ordered Hampton to stand by and help in the shifting of the treasure to the sounder vessel, and even as he did so, a great cry from the *Minion's* decks told him that some fresh danger was upon them. As a last resort, Don Martin had set fire to two small vessels and had unleashed them upon what remained of the English fleet. These fire boats came now, cracking and flaming down upon it, a most horrible sight, with burning spars and sails

already increasing the heat that parched the English mariners' throats and seemed to sear their eyeballs. This final evil stroke proved too much for the crew of the *Minion*. Despite their captain's blows and their admiral's bellowed orders, Hampton's men cast off the poor stricken *Jesus* and made headway out of danger. Hawkins and Barrett leapt aboard her, but of the flagship's remaining complement, save only the hostages, all perished, screaming, as the floating ovens of Don Martin rammed and ignited their vessel.

The English leapt into the sea, but the prisoners in the great cabin perforce remained, and were in time rescued by their friends, for the *Jesus* did not entirely burn, but floated a derelict. All these Spanish spoke ever after of the mercy of Achines, for, despite their party's treachery, he did not harm them. Drake, fighting the *Judith* as best he might from a vantage farther out in the anchorage, shuddered and ground his teeth. He had managed to warp his bark clear of the mellay, but the cries of his companions so maddened him that he was about to drive in again toward the battered capitana when Hawkins signaled from the *Minion*. Sailing close alongside of it, Drake heaved the *Judith* to

and took aboard sound men and wounded, and, at the order, strove to beat out of the anchorage.

In the early afternoon, there was no sound upon the waters of San Juan de Ulua save now and then the scream of a wounded man or the hissing splash caused in the tide by a burning remnant of what had once been the almiranta of the flota of Mexico. *Jesus*, *Angel*, and *Swallow* were no more. The wind died, leaving Hawkins on the *Minion* and Drake on the *Judith* lying only a bowshot from the Spanish fleet, now completely silenced by the English gunnery.

At the fall of night, a breeze blew up, and the two remaining English vessels sailed away out to the sea, where, as they made on together, the breeze grew until it was a gale, such a one as had sundered from its companions the *William* and *John* upon the voyage north from Cartagena. Hawkins, sighting an island called Sacrifice by the Spaniards, lay to in its lee to ride out the storm, but Drake, in the wind and darkness, lost sight of the *Minion's* riding lights and sailed on.

In the morning, the admiral swept the tossing horizon, gray and stormy, in vain for the *Judith*, and after resting for two days in the island's shelter, unmolested by the Spaniards, laid a course for England.

Touching his young kinsman, he was overcome with sorrow, for he feared that, with the rest of his stout ships, stout men, and hard-won treasure, turning now to coral beneath the waters of San Juan, Drake, too, had perished. For, if he had not perished, where was he that he stood not by?

Somberly, one dark day, he sat to make his report for Cecil, but could write nothing. The Spaniard's treachery, his slaughtered mariners, the lost fruits of a year's hazardous endeavor, and now, Drake's death or what he might only construe as his desertion of him in an hour of need—these things were still too fresh in his mind. He bethought him sadly of his young kinsman's wonted song. Some there were now who rued that quest it spoke of, and that most bitterly.

NOMBRE DE DIOS BAY



CHAPTER III

ON JANUARY 20, 1569, on a chill, wet evening, the townsfolk of Plymouth, in the County of Devon, beheld a lone bark making in from the sea. It sailed in silently and in silence dropped anchor while men ashore ran for Master William Hawkins, elder brother to John Hawkins and a person of substance and power. When he had come down to the water side, crew and captain of the vessel were already landed, and the former, worn and some of them maimed, were dispersing to their homes. Only the captain remained, awaiting, surrounded by eager questioning friends, his master's brother. Young Francis Drake was young no longer. He looked to Hawkins, who had known him from his childhood, a full ten years beyond his age. The older man

embraced the captain of the *Judith*, back at last, and took him away home with him to hear his tale.

It made, for both, most tragic telling, and that very night Drake posted on to London bearing letters to Cecil demanding for Hawkins a Commission of Reprisal for the wrongs done him and his brother by the men of Spain. Five days later, to William Hawkins's infinite relief and joy, word reached him that the *Minion* had crawled in to Mount's Bay in Cornwall, and men were dispatched to aid the weary admiral in working the ship home to Plymouth. When John Hawkins came ashore and went to his own house, it was recognizable that he, even more than Drake, had shrewdly suffered. His brother, embracing him, wept to see him so aged and low in spirits. His story supported Drake's, and the latter end of it was even more deplorable.

"Will, after quitting our anchorage in the lee of the island called Sacrifice, would ye believe it, it blew yet another gale out of the north, so that for fourteen days we wallowed in an unknown ocean without sufficiency of victuals or water, and with poor lads of this township dying daily of wounds and because we had naught wherewith to mend them. In the Bay of Mexico, Will, I was

forced to land fivescore of the soundest among them, to wait upon our second coming, and there the poor souls suffer at this moment. Crossing the sea eastward, so many of my mariners were sped by scurvy and a pernicious fever, brought aboard, I make no doubt, in Mexico, that, as ye know, I had not men enough to work the *Minion* home again. Think on that, Will, I who cleared from this port on the second of October, 1567, with five hundred men and six stout ships. Only with the *Minion* and the *Judith*, a small bark of fifty tons, we escaped. Which bark, Will, the same night after the battle, forsook us in our great misery. And since I make mention on't, what make ye, Will, of that?"

"Why, what could the lad do? The wind severed ye, he sailed as short of victuals and such as ye did, he had no port of tryst save Plymouth. It had been the merest folly to have sought to find ye."

"Indeed, Will, I think ye say sooth, and it much hearteneth me, for I had deemed Frank faithless an he were not drowned. Now, look. Ye have sent letters to my lord Secretary. Tomorrow, or as soon as I may, I go to London with all that I saved me of a great treasure, four pack horses, Will, four lean, little pack horses,

and undertake reprisal. Our lads in Mexico must be brought home, and that speedily, and as for Luxan and Enriquez, false, bloody villains both, they must have punishment."

The brothers Hawkins looked one at another with understanding. Both saw an outcome for the misfortune that had befallen their venture that in time would make for the greater glory not only of themselves but of England. For Spain had struck the first downright blow of enmity, and with the fight for the Indies in the open, both men believed that England's seamen-soldiers would be the conquerors. John Hawkins, who bore for crest to his coat of arms a demi-Moor or Negro, chained, in recognizance of his slave-dealing activities in the Western seas, knew Spain's strength there almost to a man. Burly, rude-speeched save when it suited him not to be, to a degree unscrupulous and daring in his attacks on such shipping as had the Portuguese, courageous and skilled in all things pertaining to the sea, he himself embodied the qualities of the most notable of the great Elizabethan captains. Drake, thirteen years his junior, was to transcend him as an adventurer and fighting admiral, but both men were sprung from the self-same hardy stock.

Hawkins, as he had promised, fared shortly to

London, and proceedings of investigation into the action at San Juan de Ulua were instituted forthwith, but Drake was not examined. Having discharged his duties of messenger to Master Secretary Cecil, he served a short time with William Wynter in Her Majesty's navy and then returned swiftly to Devon where, with creditable speed, he sought out his sweetheart. True, the quest of which his song had promised so bravely, the quest which was to bring into her lap all manner of gems and baubles, had not yet yielded up its benefits, but already he had another one in mind. So plausible were his words and so masterly his wooing that pretty, buxom Mary Newman never sought to refuse him. With her round white arm beneath his, she was married to him on July 4, 1569, at St. Budeaux in Devon, and for one short, tender year held him by her, a good husband and most lusty lover.

In 1570, however, his quest haled him to sea again, and once more westward to the Indies, sailing this time in the *Swan* with the *Dragon* as consort, small vessels both, belonging to William Wynter, a veteran in Her Majesty's service and Surveyor of Ships and Master of the Naval Ordnance of the realm. He returned without mishap, his squadron well loaded with hides and silver,

after causing Spain much angry grief by minor truculencies at Cartagena and elsewhere. He was again at work in the same waters in 1571, discovering a wild, secret harbor in the silent, sea-bird haunted recesses of the Gulf of Darien, which place he named Pheasant Harbor and of which he made a base for future, less peaceful operations.

To the Spanish, whom he was intent on harrying, this tiny sheltered bay became El Puerto Escondido, or Secret Port, and lies four leagues to the southwest of Caledonian Bay on the north shore of the Isthmus of Panama, not a long distance from Nombre de Dios. The Drake family narrative describes it as a "fine, round bay, of very safe harbor for all winds, lying between two high points, not past half a cable's length over at the mouth; but within eight or ten cables every way, having ten or twelve fathoms of water more or less, full of good fish; the soil also very fruitful."

What Master Francis did in this hiding place in 1571 he told no one at home in Plymouth, but Spanish historical commentators insisted that, disguised as a Spaniard, he visited both Nombre de Dios and Panama, and explored with care the route taken by the mule trains bearing the treasures of the Potosi silver mines in Peru from

Panama to Nombre de Dios, where these were picked up by the flota of Tierra Firme. From Peru to Panama they came by sea and were hastened overland by night when the pampas were cool beneath the stars. Drake, with no John Hawkins by to check his strengthening piratical fancies, laid plans to fulfill with the seizure of these treasures the promise of the quest he had always in his mind. He was in Plymouth with his pretty red-cheeked wife for a few comfortable months at the end of the year and until May, 1572, but on the 24th of that month he set sail on the passage that he now knew like the hard palm of his brown hand, from Plymouth Town to the green island of Dominica.

With him sailed seventy-three men and boys, a few among his crews being as old as fifty, some as young as one-or two-and-twenty. Drake himself was twenty-seven, and at that age as practised a mariner as then sailed whatever seas were in the world. Under his command was the 70-ton *Pascha*—his flagship, as he proudly named it—and the 25-ton *Swan*, the vice-flagship, captained by his own brother John. Of other ships, his fleet had none, but he was quite content. For five-and-twenty days he never struck sail and made his desired landfall within that time, fetch-

ing the channel between Dominica and Martinino or Martinique as our maps recite it, where, off a rocky island, three leagues from the former place, he lay three days replenishing his water casks. Thence he made for Sierra Nevada behind San Marta, and, keeping well out to sea arrived off Pheasant Harbor on July 21st.

The *Pascha*, followed by the *Swan*, sailed slowly in, to find the little anchorage lying smooth and burnished as a silver platter beneath the broiling sun of forenoon. There lived not a sound in the anchorage save the sob and chuckle of the green, clear water beneath the forefoot of each ship as it hove to and lowered canvas. The sky was a deep, hazy blue above the emerald jungle and the white, dazzling sand, and Drake sang to himself as he looked shoreward, confident in his knowledge that there lived no Spaniard within a hundred miles.

Putting ashore in a small boat with that Master John Oxenham who, in an evil day, was later captured by the Spanish and hanged at Lima in far Peru, and others of his company, he was full of cheer. Midway, however, between ship and shore, glance fixed on the whereabouts of his secret cache, he leapt suddenly in his seat in the stern and gave a low cry. Oxenham started



THE LANDING PARTY

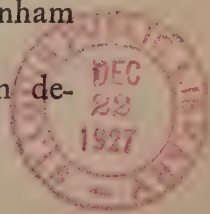
violently and turned his eyes on him. Drake's own were agog.

"God's wounds, what's here?"

Everyone looked ashore. Solitary, softly dark against the blue, a slender plume of smoke towered and feathered away into the sky. Someone other than Drake had found his secret harbor. The little boat was put about in an instant and driven out again to the *Pascha*. Men on both vessels girt swords on and laid hands to pikes, though none buckled steel harness, for, like Drake, the men who followed him preferred to fight in boots and doublet and gorget or canvas jacket. Armor was a heavy thing and sure to drown one in a sea engagement if the wearer slipped into the water. And ashore, so swore the Devon men, it bound the muscles.

In a quarter hour, four boats freighted with armed men were beached; and Drake led his force toward his cache, inland a little in the jungle. To his astonishment, the path was not cleared and straggled along all overgrown with vegetation as though none had passed that way since himself in the previous year. To his "What make ye of this?" neither his brother John nor Oxenham could make reply.

Finally, sword in hand, the expedition de-



bouched into the sought-for clearing. It lay before them like a great hollow emerald, green and sparkling in the sunlight. It was empty, silent as a tomb. In the center of it smouldered a fire, and fixed upon a near-by tree stared at them a leaden plate, roughly engraved with writings. Drake went forward and examined this, frowning.

CAPTAIN DRAKE! If you fortune to come to this Port, make haste away! For the Spaniards you had with you here, the last year, have bewrayed the place and taken away all that you left here. I depart hence, this present 7th of July, 1572.

Your very loving friend JOHN GARRETT.

Drake exclaimed in annoyance. "A murrain! John, ye mind Garrett? A stout mariner, and master of the *Minion*, which Jack Hampton captained at San Juan. But, saving him, here is some turmoil. I had with me no Spanish at this place last year. Nay, the port hath been discovered. See quickly if the arms I hid me here are gone." Searching, they found that Garrett was well informed. Certain of Drake's old hands, sailing now with the one-time master of the *Minion*, had told him of El Puerto Escondido, and coming to it, he had found the cached weapons of which the story made mention stolen away. But though it was disheartening to the

captain of the *Pascha* to find his stronghold rifled and by now doubtless charted by the enemy, he had no intention of giving it up. His plan of action, which called for no less than the seizure of Nombre de Dios itself, a town "as big as Plymouth Town" and famous all over the world as one of the feeding points of Spain's Indian wealth, might not be at such a late date interfered with. He might not even show his disappointment lest his men grow nervous in the face of the adventure, and some of them, less toughened blades than such as Oxenham, were already fearful.

So the young admiral of the fleet of two sail made little of the accident and set his men at once to work on the construction of a fort which, when completed, opened on the sea but was closed firmly against the three jungle sides. Within the space enclosed ship's carpenters were already at work on pinnaces in which to steal up to Nombre de Dios when too close to it to approach in the ships without detection, when the lookout proclaimed sails in sight, two of them of Spanish cut, making up for their retreat. Drake mustered his men to stand to arms, and the three strangers filed into the tiny harbor. Perceiving the first vessel to enter, Master

Francis threw down his sword in disgust upon the ground.

"I am dogged by mischance as though by sharkfish. First, my lost weapons, and now this fellow Ranse whom Sir Edward Horsey, Governor of the Wight, sent out to venture for him in these seas a half year gone. Good lack, meseemeth every mariner in England doth in these Indies seek some fortune. And with him he must bring two captured Spanish craft, a caravel, and a shallop, oared. Nay, call me never this place El Puerto Escondido. It must by now be known to Philip's self."

Ranse, for it was indeed he, dropped anchor and came ashore, bursting with curiosity. What was toward that Captain Drake was building a fort and pinnaces and had about him a force of men-at-arms? Since it might not be avoided, Captain Drake walked with him and Master Oxenham apart a little way, and told him that the treasure houses of Nombre de Dios were the objects of his present solicitude, as soon as the pack trains came overland from Panama. Ranse, inquisitive as a squirrel, peeped at him with bright, small eyes. "And prithee, gentles, be this not piracy?"

Drake grinned at him reassuringly, and Oxen-

ham, the great, red-faced, black-bearded swash-buckler, smote him shatteringly between the shoulder blades. "Od's my life, Jemmy, speak that word not to honest folk who serve their queen. Piracy, ye chatter? Nay, fellow, y'are foul with suspicions. Doth not the worshipful Sir William Wynter, surveyor, knave, of Her Majesty's ships, and Master John Hawkins stand at our backs——"

Drake plunged an elbow into the big man's ribs, but James Ranse had already caught at the secret.

"So-ho, my masters. An that be the truth of it, I would be of your fellowship. I can bring sound men and ordnance, and I observed me, Frank, that fever and scurvy have something weakened your regiment. How say you?"

Drake shrugged, and Oxenham flushed in anger at his own stupidity. There was nothing to do but to take the man in with them, though Drake would have preferred to play a lone hand. He had no passion for adventure shared with other wills than his. But Ranse was a limpet. Where he touched he clung, and when, a week later, the *Pascha* led the way northwestward along the Darien coast to the Isle of Pines, Horsey's sea agent followed.

At the Isle of Pines yet another mischance awaited the squadron. Making his anchorage, Drake was outraged to find two *Nombre de Dios* frigates lying inshore being loaded with timber by half-naked Negroes. These were arrested at once, and their whole company brought before Drake, who questioned them closely. They proved to be *cimarrones*, or as the English came to call them "maroons," half Negro, half Isthmus Indian, descended from a party of escaped slaves who had fled into the mountains and there intermarried with the natives for three generations. They were prodigious big men, muscled like bull bison, hard as steel yet sinuous as tigers. So powerful were they become on the Isthmus that the Spanish feared them as once the cave man feared the saber-tooth, and only a few months before they had so entirely crushed an armed expedition dispatched to quell them that, on the heels of their victory, they had besieged *Nombre de Dios* itself.

Drake, learning this from the lips of the chiefest among his prisoners, had an inkling of yet more ill luck to come. There was more. Since the maroons, headed by two fierce and able chiefs, occupied separate territories on either side of the road taken from Panama

to Nombre de Dios, by the treasure recuas or pack trains, the Spanish authorities in the latter town had become not a little concerned by this danger that lay on both sides of their artery of commerce and had, but a few days previous to this very one, dispatched a call for reinforcements from Panama. To Master Francis, who had been confidently depending on the apathy of the garrison at the northerly station, these made fell tidings indeed. Still, it was but one more reason for expedition and swift, sure action.

Loosing the Negroes, he informed them that, in so far as he was concerned, they might join with their comrade maroons at their good pleasure, remembering that they had ever a stout protector and ally in Francis Drake. He then commanded the ubiquitous Ranse to watch over the ships and his prize caravel while he himself immediately embarked fifty-three of his own men free from disease, and twenty of Ranse's, in the pinnaces and the latter's captured shallop. Upon which, without further delay, he smote Ranse upon the back, bade him be of stout cheer, and made sail westward in all haste for Nombre de Dios.

Five days later, he made his landfall at an inconsiderable island that lies at the threshold, as

it were, of the Spanish treasure town. Here he landed, marshaled his men, and served out arms as follows: Six targets or small shields, six fire pikes (long-shafted weapons so fitted as to blaze like flambeaux when ignited, and of great value for night attacks), twelve pikes, twenty-four muskets and harquebuses, sixteen bows, six partizans, or long-shafted arms fitted with broad-bladed heads, and two drums and trumpets. Following which he spent the morning in drilling his three-and-seventy men into a generous sweat, fed them heartily, and in the afternoon set sail anew for the Rio Francisco, a tiny stream that falls into the sea a little to the eastward of his objective. Now came the most difficult and strainful part of the program that he had set himself. He must steal up on Nombre de Dios Bay at dark and there keep his men lying all night upon their arms until he might launch his attack at dawn.

The approach on the bay was successfully achieved, but the ensuing wait commenced toward midnight to play havoc with the already leaping nerves of his men. One by one, to his dismay, they commenced to bite at ragged finger nails, and to confer fearfully among themselves touching the danger of their position.

After all, the town which lay just around the corner was as considerable a place as Plymouth, the hub of their universe. Since childhood they had heard it spoken on, Nombre de Dios, the engine that generated the incalculable power of royal Spain, and here they lay, a bare threescore and ten of simple seamen, waiting the blazing tropical night through to wrest from it that which drove it on.

And after all, who was Franky Drake to impel such a feat? Younger than most of them, he had done a bit of marineering, but he had not seen the great Don John of Austria hurl down forever the forces of Mahound into the wreck-dabbled waters of Lepanto, or beheld with his own eyes, as had a few of their fellows, the flaming, bannered splendor of Spain at war. The boy might be leading them to certain slaughter and they none the wiser.

First singly and then in dozens, they became restive and unhappy. Clearly, Drake saw, he might not hold them till dawn. An hour before it, the rising moon fingered the bay waters lightly with silver, and he saw his chance. His cry of "To boat, lads, here is the sun!" filled the pinnaces in an instant, so restless were his men become, and even as they approached

the town landing place the hunt was up. A ship, newly arrived, was taking up its moorings, and as its watch caught sight of the pinnaces, it dispatched a boat shoreward. Bending on their oars, the attackers headed it off, landed, and fell to dismounting the guns of the shore battery. As they did so, the town, on the watch for the embattled maroons, spied them and was warned. As Drake drew up his men in the damp sand, church bells screamed out alarms and drums rolled out and up and down the dark streets of Nombre de Dios.

It is probable that never after in his life did Master Francis move so fast and with such inflexible intention. Telling off twelve men to guard the pinnaces, he led his fellows at a run to the top of a hill whereon, east of the town, fortifications had recently been constructed, reassured himself that there no batteries had yet been mounted, and then ran down again, separating his force into two parties as he went. One division he led himself, straight to the town plaza by the main street; the other, under his brother John and Oxenham, skirted the houses that stood about this and entered it from the eastward.

As his party debouched into the open space, fire pikes blazing and drum and trumpet clamor-

ous, townsfolk and garrison, gathered before the Governor's house, unleashed a volley that struck down the trumpeter and seemed for an instant to have got home on Drake himself. With a great shout, however, he ran forward, calling to his men to engage at close quarters with the enemy, and as they did so, the flames of Oxenham's fire pikes lit the east quarter of the plaza. This was enough for the defenders of the town. Since they had seen men running up and down their fortified hill, as well as these now active before their eyes, they concluded that the foe were present in overwhelming force. Howling, they cast by their arms and bolted straight out of the gate of Nombre de Dios, headlong along the road to Panama.

The victors lost no time in mutual congratulations. Laying hold of two prisoners, Drake forced them to show to him the Governor's house where were unloaded the treasure *recuas*. The scared Spaniards made no difficulty of this, and the English found themselves suddenly in long, damp cellars where, in palely shining tiers, lay some three hundred and sixty tons of silver awaiting the *flota* of *Tierra Firme*.

Smitten to the silence of enormous joy, his men were starting forward to look the closer when Drake leapt in among them and bade them

hold. "Stand not here loitering, in God's name. It is not this poor stuff we seek, but pearls and fine gold. They lie in the King's treasure house upon the water. Get ye down to it and force me the doors."

His men ran out again into the plaza, docile as sheep, Drake after them, a demon of energy. Pearls were what he sought, and precious metal that was not white but yellow, but when he reached the streets he found them suddenly again tumultuous. Inhabitants and soldiers, those that were not now in rapid motion toward Panama, ran hither and thither in an uproar, and a breath of panic blew all at once cold upon the courage of his men. A man ran up shouting that the pinnaces were attacked, and Oxenham was sent away to defend them. Another cried out that the reinforcements from Panama had arrived and even then were coming up against them, one hundred and fifty strong. And, to cap it all, with the true dawn this time gray about them, a black cloud was suddenly overhead that discharged such a drenching, solid sheet of rain that bowmen and musketeers must needs crowd for shelter beneath the piazza of the treasure house, while above them their companions

labored fruitlessly in the downpour to force the great doors.

For Drake, it was an evil moment, but he possessed a genius for command in crises. As the tropic thundershower passed away over them, he shouted to his men that he had brought them to the very door of the richest granary in Christendom and that they were but craven children if they forced it not. At the same instant, without warning, he fell forward and rolled unconscious upon the ground.

His words, which had checked a panic, were at once rendered invalid. That first volley from the Spanish upon the plaza had indeed wounded him, and there gaped in one thigh a great hole made by the ball from a arquebus. His boot was full of blood, and as the day grew lighter, his men found the sand about him soggily crimson. Crying that all the treasure in the Indies was not worth their captain's life, they forsook hammering at the door that still protected pearls and gold and carried Drake down to the pinnaces. He became conscious as they brought him tenderly aboard, but his wild words, cursing them for leaving the ransom of a kingdom behind them, were not heeded.

Making off from land, some of them boarded the vessel lately come into the bay, and finding it laden with wine, took it in tow, the whole fleet checking its retreat at a small island, called by the Spanish the Victualling Island, but just outside the bay. Here were gardens and poultry, and here the expedition coolly disembarked and made itself at home until Drake's wound and those of a score of others were somewhat mended.

Thus was developed and delivered the most famous exploit in the history of the times. Rank piracy to Spanish historians, scarce less, indeed, to many English, this night's work at Nombre de Dios was the true foundation stone of Drake's abiding fame. By it he gained no pearls nor gold nor that silver that he had scorned, but Spanish fear of him grew from this time onward to the proportions of a myth. Now, indeed, had he become El Draque, that dragon of England of which the Treasurer of Rio de la Hacha had once pleasantly made mention. From this time onward, his each daring adventure but added to the prestige of his name, and this was one that King Philip himself came to loathe as a sure producer of bad dreams and worse fortunes for Spain.

He lay two days amid the flowers and poultry

of the Victualling Island and during that time was visited by a comely, courteous, and very flattering young lord who came beneath a flag of truce from the Governor.

Drake suspicioned that he was a spy but made nothing of it, and the two exchanged most noble compliments to the complete satisfaction of each.

The supple Don protested that only after they had examined the English arrows had they realized that the attackers were not French, a people much feared on the Isthmus since Menendez had massacred their colony at St. Augustine in Florida. He asked further if the arrows were poisoned, and Drake, replying, yielded to his fancy for the customary sinewed boasting of the age. "Know, noble sir, that it was never my custom to envenom arrows, and as for your governor's gentle offers of sustenance and comfort, inform him that I have at my hand whatever it needeth me to have save that especial commodity of this country which alone might satisfy my company. So let your governor hold open his eyes, for before I depart, an God lend me life and leave, I mean to reap some of your harvest, which ye get out of the earth and send into Spain to trouble all the earth."

The Spaniard's smile was suave but still a

little wry, and Drake hastened to overwhelm him with all manner of fair words, a great dinner, and handsome presents when he went away home again. None the less, he had meant every word that he had said. Next day, he dispatched John Drake, his brother, and one Hixom, an officer, in two pinnaces to reconnoiter the Chagres River down which the treasure boats came part way from Panama and himself sailed away to join Ranse and the ships at the Isle of Pines. Already he was planning to force wide to his desire not one town but the whole Spanish Main. Ranse, however, had no mind to go further. The little man was much cast down when he found that he was to share in no vast treasure, and he wished to be in some other place entirely when the fighting galleons of Menendez swept down to avenge the attack on Nombre de Dios. So he cleared away for home when the pinnaces returned from the river Chagres, and Drake made no lament to see him go. His next adventure was to be such as would discourage all but his hardiest blades.

THE SPANISH MAIN



CHAPTER IV

CARTAGENA, the capital place of the whole Spanish Main, was Drake's next objective. Delivered of Ranse and keeping by him always one of those maroons first encountered at the Isle of Pines, a loyal, infatuated fellow named Diego, invaluable as a scout, he made no doubt that the pride of Spain's Indies was his for the asking. In the *Pascha* he led his squadron of five sail forthwith to the westward and, bold as a lion, ran into the harbor of the capital one day as night was falling. To his surprise, only one frigate lay in the anchorage, and when he took this single prize he found to his further amazement only one old seaman peacefully slumbering on its deck. To questionings, this

mariner observed that his mates were ashore fighting about a girl, and that a pinnace had but lately come in from Nombre de Dios with the warning that El Draque was on the seas. Consequently, all shipping now lay snug beneath the guns of the Castle, but, it was true, one big ship laden with merchandise lay around the point awaiting clearance for Seville.

Drake loitered not an instant. That ship was taken even as guns and church bells exploded in the town, and a great press of horse and foot soldiers pelted along the shore to save it. Next morning, two frigates were intercepted and proved to be from Nombre de Dios. They carried letters advising the Spanish strongholds that Captain Drake had been at Nombre de Dios, had taken it, and had it not been that he was hurt with some blessed shot, by all likelihood he had sacked it; that he was yet still upon the coast; and that they should therefore carefully prepare for him. After this, further attempts at surprise were obviously useless. Drake put all his prisoners on shore and retired to the islands of San Barnardo, three leagues from Cartagena, to ponder new plans.

He came at once to a conclusion the more dar-

ing because it violated the first canon of sea-raiding. Coast towns and harbors were the goals of all the successful rovers of the time, but Master Drake now conceived to carry his depredations inland with the ultimate view of investing the Panama-Nombre de Dios road and ravishing the treasure recuas as these were in the process of transportation. To carry out this plan, he wished primarily to enlist the aid of Diego's fellows, the embattled maroons who, since his raid on Nombre de Dios, held his name in high honor. He desired also to man his pinnaces fully, since these, and not his vessels, would play a leading part in any amphibious activity. But how to do it, when the *Pascha* and *Swan* still floated, valiant and sound?

After some secret thought, he came regretfully to the conclusion that the latter craft, new though it was and his own, would have to go. Knowing that his brother John would fight this measure to the last, he called aboard his own ship Tom Moone, carpenter of the *Swan*, and outlined his plan of action.

"Tom, ye will, d'ye see, go below this very night when all sleep, and bore me with a spike-gimlet three or four holes near the keel deep

enough to permit the sea to enter, but in a quarter well hidden from sight. Hadst best cover them with shavings or the like."

Moone was horrorstruck. He maintained in vain that to treat a sweet ship thus were worse than murder, and that if he were discovered he would, most assuredly, have his throat cut. Drake was sorrowful and sympathetic but adamant. "Needs must, Tom," was his only reply to a lengthy discourse, so that Tom went aboard the *Swan* again, somber as a man bereft of friends and family.

Next day, Drake put himself on board his brother's vessel and haled John forth to go a-fishing. As the two men moved away in the small boat, Francis pointed with an exclamation of surprise to the *Swan*.

"Look yonder, Jack! How comes it that the *Swan* lies so low?"

John looked and was stricken with amazement. At his request, he was placed aboard again and hastily went below. Almost immediately he reappeared to shout over the side to his interested brother that the fishing party was off as far as he was concerned. By some witchwork or other his hold was full of water, and there was no leak visible. Francis shook his head sadly and clicked

his tongue. Here was monstrous ill fortune. The crew of the *Swan* worked frenziedly at the pumps until three o'clock, at which time she still was settling, and John Drake was mad with the mystery of it all. Francis was solicitous, but convinced that the ship was of a surety bewitched and had best be deserted, the which it was, John transporting his goods and men aboard the *Pascha*, gloomy but reconciled. And shortly afterward the *Swan* listed a little and swam smoothly and swiftly beneath the sea.

Francis made sail forthwith, manning his pinnaces with the sunken vessel's crew. In the Gulf of Darien he found him another and less publicly known "Pheasant Harbor,"²³ and there, for a fortnight, his men disported themselves ashore, building a stockade, laying out a bowling lawn and archery butts, and conducting themselves like boys loosed from school discipline for the holidays.

But after a little time, Drake was at his quest again. Taking two pinnaces, he sailed away for the Magdalena River upon which lay the Province of Nueva Reyna, which place was the chief victualling yard of Cartagena. For the man who had surprised and almost sacked Nombre de Dios, Nueva Reyna was an

easy nut to crack. When they returned, Drake's pinnaces might hardly sail for the foodstuffs that weighed their holds. In the meantime, through the agency of the devoted Diego, John Drake had got into communication with the maroons and, on his brother's return, headquarters were shifted five leagues to the westward to a true secret harbor known only to the hill men and hidden in a maze of wooded islands and intricate channels. Here a fort was constructed and named, aptly enough, Fort Diego, and here Drake purposed to lie five months until the rains were over and the treasure recuas active again on the trans-isthmus highway.

But though frigates were easily picked up as they plied jauntily between Nombre de Dios and Cartagena, and food was therefore never scarce, he was faced with that same problem that had beset him in a lesser measure during the night-long wait without the town of Nombre de Dios. It was absolutely necessary that he keep his men, those that remained to him, occupied and interested, else they fell to pining for England and to dreading the continually postponed revenge of those brave ships built by Menendez. Consequently, Drake was always at sea in his pinnaces, plundering small prizes off

Cartagena, robbing the orchards of Tolou, and exhibiting fantastical feats of boldness, such as leaping ashore beneath the very noses of men-at-arms sent to seize him, that his crews were shamed into enthusiasm.

He lay, during a storm, in the very harbor of Cartagena, and when set upon by three large open boats, a shallop, a ship's boat, and a canoe, drove these inshore until he saw that he was being lured into an ambuscade. Whereupon he stood out again, and when the boats followed, made as if to ram them. The Spanish, having no stomach for such rough work at close quarters, went home discouraged.

Next day, he found the weather still adverse, but he put to sea in spite of it, resolved to pay a visit to Nueva Reyna to restock and repair. But it was a lean season. Others besides himself had been at work on the Magdalena, French corsairs who had so alarmed the inhabitants that these had shifted their stores and driven their cattle off into the hills. A little dismayed, Drake made, therefore, for the Island of San Marta to find the same conditions existent, and more than that, a strong armed force awaiting him. Attempting to force the harbor as he had at Cartagena, he saw in time that to do so were

rashly imprudent. So, with the crews in both pinnaces clamoring for provisions, he put again to sea, and in the nick of time for his prestige among the men he led, sighted a sail. Though there was running a heavy sea, the two English craft dogged it like sharks and, in the end, laid it aboard. A calm fell as the pursuers closed in, and after no sort of resistance, the lean, hungry pirates swarmed over the prize's sides. Though Drake and his followers were at this time no more, indeed, than pirates, the young admiral professed a great faith in God and enlisted His coöperation in his every exploit. The narrative of his family relates of this adventure that "we spent not two hours in attendance, till it pleased God to send us a reasonable calm, so that we might use our pieces and approach her at pleasure in such sort that in short time we had taken her; finding her laden with victuals well powdered and dry; which at that present we received as sent of God's great mercy."²

God had, however, sore trials in store for him when, replenished in confidence and spirits, he made Fort Diego once again. Landing, he found the garrison silent, ill-looking, and profoundly somber, and entering the house within the stockade, he at once beheld the reason. In a rough, long

chest, silent and white, reposed his brother John. Drake for a time was terribly and utterly cast down. Speechless, he knelt by his brother's body and made his silent, grief-wrought prayers, but in a while he leapt to his feet and summoned John's late comrades to explain the tragedy.

It seemed that a Spanish frigate had come in sight, and in spite of Francis's strict orders to the contrary, and the fact that, being on fatigue duty, their only arms were a broken rapier and two rusty arquebuses, the garrison of Fort Diego had so taunted John that he had led them out to board the Spaniard. In the mellay, he was killed by the side of the very man who had, by his gibes, forced him into the undertaking.

Drake was taken with a very madness of grief and rage, but God gave him no time for thought. A plague descended suddenly upon his men, and in spite of all the medicines at hand, killed or disabled daily. In vain, Drake used all the cures he knew, and at last, and daringly, since the custom was abhorred, ordered the surgeon to perform on one of the victims a post-mortem operation. More, since he knew some would cry out against it, he commanded the body of his own brother Joseph, one of the victims, to be the subject. The operation was performed and the disease branded

as a calenture, caused by the sudden change of temperature or possibly by the drinking of brackish water. The surgeon, having made the autopsy, fell into a great terror and took so liberally of a purge that he succumbed himself, and immediately afterward the plague departed. About three centuries later, certain heroic men died to aid in the wiping out of this same plague. Almost certainly, it was, as shown by the unfortunate surgeon's activity, yellow fever.

On the heels of this grim visitation there came, to redouble Drake's anxiety of mind, maroon scouts with the news that the Plate flota was come to Nombre de Dios. A pinnacle sent to verify the fact returned shortly with a captured frigate on board of which were an official of Tolou and a lady. Both confirmed the rumor without being pressed to do so, terrified at the near presence of Drake's enlisted maroons, horrible, almost mythically ferocious, people to Spaniards. Drake saw that, if he were to catch the royal recuas on their way from Panama to the fleet, he had need to be swift. Of his men, he had eighteen only wherewith to prosecute his venture, for with Hixom he was obliged to leave a few sound ones to protect the prisoners from the hill men and to tend those of

his strength still convalescing from the plague. All the rest of those stout lads that had sailed with him from Plymouth were dead, some of wounds and some of malady.

Nevertheless, with action toward, he was once again filled with a fighting confidence. Taking the rugged Oxenham as his lieutenant, he set off upon Shrove Tuesday, February 3, 1573, in company with thirty maroons led by a chief called Pedro, for Panama and treasure. After three days of travel through forests so high that the sun scarce ever penetrated through them to warm the great columns of the tree trunks, the expedition, guided by the maroons, arrived at that one of their strongholds which the Spanish had come to grief attempting to destroy. Here Drake was so struck with the order, cleanliness, and discipline of his allies when at home that he was moved to convert all of them to the Protestant Church of England and the world. So he preached them a sermon, rough, forthright, and unsubtle as himself, and persuaded them to lay aside the crucifixes and rituals of Catholic Spain. After which his converts were so filled with the happiness of grace that they would have kept him among them, but he would not stay, and drove on for the Isthmus, even refusing recruits.

Four days later, the party reached the highest point in the Cordilleras, and Chief Pedro, halting at the base of a gigantic tree, pointed upward and cried out to Drake that, if he would climb up, he might look with his own eyes upon the great Southern Sea. Drake made no ado about it but climbed speedily, upon steps which the maroons had cut into the massive trunk. At the treetop he found himself upon a platform roofed in with branches, and as he looked about him, Pedro took his hand and then pointed southward. It was a clear day, and in the high spire of that great tree, all sky and sunlight and clean wind. Drake, looking where he was bidden, felt suddenly such a thrill of excitement and exaltation that he sought to pray aloud with trembling, loosened lips. To southward, all rippling silver, lay a great sheet of water, naked as unsheathed steel, virgin of any sail. The Pacific lay there before him, beckoning with a million million of glittering promises, so that, for a little while, all thought of treasure recuas and quests for precious stones was washed by a wave of beauty from his mind.

Pedro hearing, Drake prayed to Almighty God of His goodness to give him life and leave to sail once in an English ship in that sea.

And then he called up to him Oxenham, who was standing, head tilted far back, below him and told him of his prayer. Oxenham was straightway stricken with a palsy of excitement and swore by a good many round, smoking oaths that he, too, would sail with his admiral in those waters if Drake did not beat him from his command. Poor gentleman, he little knew that his faring there would lead to the gallows of Spanish Lima.

After a time, Drake and his lieutenant descended, ate their lunches, and resumed their march, and in two days' time came out upon the rolling, torrid pampas that lay between cover and the world-famous golden city of Panama.

To escape detection, each man now crept, now stooped, and ran, now lay still for hours, until the little army came through the high, plummy grass to a little wood that fringed the Isthmus road about a league from Panama. Here, Drake checked it and sent forward a maroon disguised, one who had at one time served a Spanish master in the city. While this fellow was absent, Drake and his men lay upon their arms, considering the ship-filled bay, flaming now with the sunset and the distant tumult of busy streets.

After a time that lagged dreadfully for the hid-

den men, the spy returned to report that two royal recuas were about to set forth, one laden with victuals, one with silver, and in front of these would ride no less a personage than the Treasurer of Lima himself and his daughter, with a private train of fourteen mules, eight of which were laden with gold and one with jewels.

Drake, on the receipt of these tidings, sat him down upon the ground, his blue eyes burning with joy, and for a minute covered his face with his hands. Here was his quest come true at last, and this time the promises of the old song would be realized beyond peradventure. Then he leapt up and, with Oxenham at his shoulder, led his party inland toward a place called Venta Cruz where the river Chagres becomes navigable.

As they went forward toward this post, two maroons sent ahead to scout returned in triumph holding between them, trussed like a calf on its way to be slaughtered, a poor devil of a Spanish sentry whom they had found out by reason of the smell of his burning musket match, though he had been asleep as it burned. So terrified was he of his captors that he could not speak and remained ashen and trembling even when Drake had bidden the delighted maroons unbind him. When, however, he saw that his

captors would not be allowed to pull him in pieces and eat him, he confirmed, out of gratitude, all that the spy had said, so that Drake pushed on until he lay a bare six miles from Venta Cruz.

It now was become quite dark, though the constellations in the sky blazed and flickered in so gorgeous a pageant that there was a pale light on the pampas, and moving objects might still be seen. The men were ordered to put on their shirts over their outer clothes, so that, in the fray, friend might be readily discerned from foe, and Drake disposed of them in the high grass on either side of the hard white road in such fashion that both front and rear of the recuas might be attacked at once. As to each recua there were from fifty to seventy mules, guarded before and behind by soldiers from fear of the plundering maroons, it was no simple matter to seize them, but Drake was confident that a show of force on all sides would convince the guard that resistance were useless. So, for more than an hour, in the cool silence, they lay awaiting hoof beats from the direction of Panama.

Drake ordered that all that came from the direction of Venta Cruz be allowed to pass unmolested, but when a spaced clatter was heard

upon the roadway in that quarter, a drunken lad of Devon, anxious to show his mettle, leapt upon his feet and called to him who came to stand. In an instant, the rider, a gentleman of the district, beheld the white shirt and drove home his spurs. As the maroons hurled themselves upon the blundering challenger and clapped black hands across his mouth, Drake, cursing with a will, heard the galloping hoof beats fade away down toward Panama.

But in spite of this, suddenly, the fragile melody of bells was in the night, and the ambuscaders knew that beyond the grasses that hid them, there were two recuas unwarned and unprepared. With Drake's high, urgent whistle, his men came through the undergrowth like tigers, in front and in the rear of the mules, and these were captured without a shot being fired and almost without a blow. Hilarious with joy, the English fell to stripping the placid beasts, but they were not long in discovering that what lay in their hands was not what they had sought.

To begin with, where was the Treasurer of Lima and his doubtless beautiful daughter? The chief among the captured muleteers, on being questioned, derived not a little pleasure by pointing out that the hidalgo who had been challenged

had warned His Excellency and persuaded him to allow his own poor self to spring the trap with the victual train.

Drake was by now accustomed to the tricks of Fate, but the blow was a shrewd one. Fulfillment of his quest still lay ahead of him, and all because a wine-sucking dolt had sought to prove his valor. Nevertheless, it was God's will, and his acceptance of his misfortune was characteristic. "Why, look ye, lads, here is a sore tumble for us all, but the reason for it is plain. Yon Treasurer came by his gold honestly, and God willed that he should therefore keep his hold fast upon it. What concerns us now is that the cry is by this time out against us in Panama, and we must be stirring. It were folly to return four leagues to the wood wherein we lay to-day, yet forward lies Venta Cruz and a strong guard of men held constantly in harness. Lads, I will be straight with you. I know not which course to lay."

His men, including even Master Oxenham, knew no more than he, and it was Pedro, the chief of the maroons, who decided the issue. Saying that he and his men would die at Drake's feet rather than leave him to the Spaniards, he represented that a surprise sally on Venta Cruz,

as yet ignorant of El Draque's imminent arrival, would allow them to pass through to the forest beyond, where none would follow them. Drake, after brief thought, concurred, and to within a mile of the unsuspecting town the captured mules were ridden until, where the road narrowed to traverse a wooded stretch, these were set free. On foot, with the smell of burning musket matches now constantly in their nostrils, the pirates advanced in the darkness closer and closer upon the town.

Drake, leading, had begun to nourish hopes that they might reach it undetected altogether, when a black form sprang up a yard or two ahead of him and called upon him in Spanish to surrender. On the instant, Drake replied in the same language that, for the honor of his mistress, the Queen of England, he must have passage that way, and still speaking, discharged his pistol in the man's face. With the now shattered silence useful no longer, he then whistled, and his party commenced an orderly advance in the face of a blizzard of buckshot that struck down one man and wounded Drake himself. But the maroons held other theories of attack. Shouting as with one voice a curious rhythmic battle cry, they danced one after

another in long leaps straight upon the Spanish pickets, and these, hearing "*Yo peho, yo peho*" loud in their ears, stood not upon the order of their going. So heartily did they fear the hill men that they never sought to fight, and Drake held Venta Cruz in his hands without further combat.

For an hour and a half he invested the town, while his men and the maroons sought fruitlessly for plunder. There was none to be had, since Venta Cruz was a health resort much frequented by ailing Spanish ladies, and not a treasure post. After issuing strict orders to his party and to his allies that no one was to be harmed, he went in person to the town's sanatorium and in person reassured its fair and fluttering inmates of their safety. After which, in the dawn, fed and rested but still without that for which they had come, the English went away toward the coast, Drake forcing the marches lest the combined strengths of Panama and Nombre de Dios overtake and overwhelm him.

The first blow at the recuas of Panama had failed, but he had no intention of withdrawing from the Isthmus even though the Spanish were now well warned. Rejoining Hixom, who had come up with the rearguard, now cured of all vestiges of the plague, Drake forbade his men to

plunder a rich hacienda suggested by the maroons as the next objective, and until the *recuas* should travel anew, resolved on a number of cruises. The hacienda, which was in Veragua, seemed too hazardous a project, but while at sea in the *Minion* pinnace, he picked up a small frigate carrying some gold, and a Genoese pilot, who persuaded him that it were an easy matter to sail straight in to the bay of Veragua and to cut out a frigate lying in the anchorage and holding not less than a million of gold safe aboard. Such a proposal was ever welcome to the indomitable Master Francis, but he found Veragua awaiting him, armed and manned for a siege, and suspecting, therefore, that God willed it that the gold be not seized, he sailed away again. He had by now perfected a philosophy that made nothing of disappointments, and though his men sometimes grumbled, he himself seemed only to thrive upon failures.

Returning to headquarters, however, he found that both Oxenham and Hixom had fared much better, having seized a fine frigate victualed with all they needed, and so stout and taut a vessel that Drake converted it at once into a man-of-war. Causing this to be named his flagship, he then laid a course westward in com-

pany with one pinnace, and fell in on a stormy evening with a French privateer, much distressed for lack of food and water. Boarding, Drake found its captain to be one Le Tetu, a Huguenot mariner of note who had been friend to the great Admiral Coligny and who told the English Protestant of the slaughter upon the Eve of St. Bartholomew. The two men, at once bound in close sympathy by their hatred of Catholic persecution, were friends from the beginning, and Drake imparted to the privateer his plan for the conquest of the recuas. Le Tetu, with seventy men to his own bare one-and-thirty, was a valuable ally, and when, a fortnight later, the new landing party was launched, this time for Nombre de Dios, the Frenchman was of its complement.

All precautions were this time taken that no blunder should mar the working of the plan pursued. The authorities at Panama had again been lulled into a sense of security by Drake's apparent disappearance from the Isthmus, and in the bay of Nombre de Dios the treasure fleet was gathering. With twenty French under Le Tetu, fifteen English, and Pedro and his maroons, the assaulting force started from the Rio Francisco, that small river that joins the sea four leagues to the westward of Nombre de Dios,

leaving Hixom at a place called the Cabeças or Headlands, with the frigate, and the pinnaces under a boat-guard up the river at the point where the expedition plunged into the forest.

Four days later, without fail, the pinnaces were to be warped out of hiding to pick up the treasure and the men who bore it, and at that time Hixom was to hold the frigate ready for escape. With this disposition of the rearguard accomplished, Drake led on for the Panama gates of Nombre de Dios and invested both sides of the Isthmus road, in ambush, one evening as darkness fell. Below them, the town was alive with sounds, and over the still waters of the bay came the shocks of hammering as holds were prepared for bar silver and quoits of gold. Toward midnight the noises died and all good Spaniards slept, but the men without the gates upon the hill lay and wondered if this time Franky Drake would have his desire.

The dawn was just at hand when they stiffened to the tuneful chatter of little silver bells and knew that the matter would be soon decided. A maroon scout crawled in between them and grinned at their commander. The recuas came on, three of them, one of fifty mules, and two of seventy, the royal recuas of New

Spain, guarded each one by a beggarly guard of fifteen weary, sleepy soldiers. At the top of the rise, between the hidden men, the mules were checked for repose, and the tired animals lay down.

The Spanish military slumped wearily, and even as they did so looked with unbelieving eyes at brown, ragged, flame-eyed men, who discharged arrows and muskets and came on to use the steel. The discipline instilled by the valiant Menendez forced the surprised and surrounded guard to fight well and hardily, and it was only after one maroon was slain and Le Tetu himself severely wounded that the Spaniards ran down shouting into the town to give the alarm. But when they returned, the recuas had been stripped and Drake was in the forest, crying on his laden, stumbling men, himself scarce able to run beneath the precious burden upon his shoulders. A time came when, in the broiling sun of the morning, his men fell upon their faces from sheer fatigue, and he was constrained to bury some fifteen tons of silver in land-crab holes and shallow brooks. Le Tetu cried out that he would be carried no farther, that his wound was jeopardizing the safety of his comrades, and Drake wept as he left him, flanked by two stout Frenchmen who would not desert their captain.

Toward night, a storm gathered above them and drenched the sobbing, sweating men who crawled and tottered on through the trees toward the river where waited the pinnaces, and where, when next morning, with cries of thanksgiving, they fell down beside the water, no pinnaces appeared. With blank faces, they scanned the stream where it widened and fed the sea, and beheld seven Spanish sail driving in toward where they lay, and believed that their indispensable boat guard had been captured.

Turning upon Drake, they cursed him for a traitor, a shotten coward who had tricked them to their deaths, and he in turn cursed them for worse than fools and ordered them to fall to and build a raft upon which he himself would go and seek out his pinnaces. When the thing was done, it would scarce float, but Drake rigged a biscuit bag for sail and put out upon the river with one Englishman and two Frenchmen, crying that, if it pleased God that he should put his foot in safety aboard his frigate, he would, God willing, by one means or other get them all aboard in despite of all the Spaniards in the Indies.

For three leagues they sailed crazily in a



DRAKE ABANDONED

rough seaway that drenched them to their eyes, and beneath a sun that caked the salt upon their burning skins and parched their throats almost beyond endurance. Then, as the raft rose on the crest of a wave, Drake saw his two pinnaces beating toward them in the teeth of the gale. He at once trimmed his ridiculous sail and ran the raft ashore on the windward side of the headland as the pinnaces, all unconscious of his whereabouts, sailed in beyond the lee of the same rocky point.

Landing, Drake led his three companions at a run over the saddle of the headland straight into the arms of his boat guard which had just disembarked. To punish them, he for a time would return no answer to their questions as to the fortune that had befallen the remainder of his party, until they explained that the gale had prevented them from getting upstream on the *Rio Francisco*. Then, laughing, he drew a quoit of yellow gold from his shirt and, throwing it at their feet, told them that he had made his voyage.

That same night, in spite of the wind, the pinnaces fought their way up the river and took off men and gold, and thereafter picked up the frigate off the Cabeças and made off to the head-

quarters and the hidden port. A fortnight was spent in reorganization and rest and a division of the treasure with the French, and, though Drake was now anxious to be off, an attempt, led by Oxenham, to salvage Le Tetu and the bar silver. But Le Tetu and one of his companions had been captured, and the other showed the rescue party where the earth had been dug up for almost three miles around to find the metal. All but thirteen bars of silver and a few quoits of gold had been restored to Spain, but Drake, on the news of it, remained unconcerned. He had taken and emptied 200 frigates and pillaged three royal recuas since he had sailed the Spanish Main, and he was content. He gave the *Pascha* to his prisoners and bade them farewell, and these afterward maintained that they had received at his hands nothing but kindness and had been detained only that the maroons might not slaughter them. He thought to clear at once for Plymouth, but because he had need of a frigate to carry victuals, since his was ballasted with treasure, he sailed once more up the Magdalena River, past the great galleons of the guard and the tall ships of Seville lying in Cartagena harbor, with a brave wind behind him, the flag of St. George snapping from his frigate's main top, and silk

streamers and ancients billowing overside down to the foaming waves.

He caught his frigate near Nueva Reyna and returned to the Cabeças to engage in a final refitting. The pinnaces were broken up and their ironwork given to the maroons. English and French bade Godspeed to one another and separated, and from the last point of land facing the gulf and beyond that the blue Atlantic, Pedro, at the head of his hill men, stood, shouting in the dawn, as Drake sailed away eastward for Plymouth Hoe.

At Plymouth, it was the Sabbath and sermon time, August 9, 1573, when he sailed in with his two frigates after a year and almost three months of absence. The church where worshiped his friends was crowded, but the sermon, if preached, was never heard, for the word of Franky's landing emptied pews and thronged the sunny streets. "The news of our Captain's return brought unto his friends did so speedily pass over all the church and surpass their minds with desire and delight to see him that very few or none remained with the preacher, all hastening to see the evidence of God's love and blessing towards our Gracious Queen and Country, by the fruit of our Captain's labor and success."²

AROUND THE WORLD. I



CHAPTER V

IT WAS to be nearly four years before Drake should sail again westward, but with his return upon that summer Sunday, in 1573, the period of his youthful quest was over. Gold had he now in plenty, gems for his comely wife, and some small fame. From now until the last brave voyage, it was for fame rather than for mere riches that he would adventure.

But during four years things went not smoothly with him. To begin with, when he had made sail for the Indies in '72, England had been on the brink of war with Spain, and his depredations against the Spanish had possessed therefore something of the nature of rightful warlike activity. And besides, he and Haw-

kins his master had been wronged at San Juan de Ulua, and he was entitled to reprisals. But, on his return, laden with treasure, it was to find England and Spain engaged to peace, and himself, by the same token, a pirate villainously in possession of another's wealth. Consequently, he stayed not long in Plymouth, and, with his ships' holds still full, cleared for parts unknown and chiefly for a secret landlocked little harbor in Queens-town Bay known now as Drake's Pool. Here he lay hiding until the coming into Ireland of the great Earl Essex, who sought to raid and subjugate the land of Ulster, aided by Sir John Norreys, Black John, a most famous soldier.

Drake, his sins in the Western seas being swiftly forgotten in official circles, joined the expedition and commanded three frigates, perhaps those two with which he returned from the Spanish Main, and one more, during the raid on Rathlin. This affair, an attack on the stronghold wherein the Irish chieftains had placed their women, was, according to the rules of war as made to-day, a black outrage, since Norreys massacred women and girls and little children without mercy after these had given themselves up. Drake was not necessarily to blame for his part in it, since he was under orders and stayed

afloat, though enemies later remembered bloody Rathlin against him.

These things came about in the year 1575, when his activities at Nombre de Dios and the Spanish Main had been purposely forgotten and he was free to come again into England. He had, in the meantime, made a fast friend in the person of Master Thomas Doughty, a one-time familiar of My Lord of Essex and a gentleman of parts. This Doughty was as charming, as cultivated, as crafty, and as courageous a fellow as was to be met with anywhere in the Christian world, and withal as traitorous, though this last characteristic Franky Drake, since he truly loved him, did not come upon until later.

In 1576 and the early days of 1577, while Her Majesty Elizabeth still thought to be friends with her brother-in-law, King Philip, and when there seemed no prospects toward for Drake again to sail against a foe, he was much with Doughty in England, planning and hoping and praying for war. As the year of '77 aged a little, what he longed for came suddenly to pass, for Don John of Austria, King Philip's natural brother, fell to treasonably corresponding with Mary, the beautiful, unhappy Queen of Scots whom Elizabeth held imprisoned

in Castle Sheffield. So it befel that Elizabeth gave up her friendly dealings with Philip and decided to show him that she still had El Draque to unleash upon his Indies.

Francis, with his dear friend Master Doughty in London, said afterward that his commission to get to sea again was procured by himself alone and in this wise. No less a one than Walsingham, a high officer of the realm, had come to him saying that the Queen had received divers injuries at Philip's hands and desired Drake to avenge her as he could. Upon which he had himself been bidden into the august presence of the Virgin Queen who had thus addressed him: "Drake! So it is that I would gladly be revenged on the King of Spain for divers injuries that I have received." And she observed further that he and he alone could serve her in the matter, and that she craved his advice. Upon which the flattered young man had replied that the Indies were the places in which to hurt King Philip and that he much desired to sail in the South Sea that, in company with the maroon chief Pedro and Oxenham, he had seen from the high tree upon the Isthmus, and that, if he might do so, he would approach, attack, and conquer the city of Panama from seaward. Upon which Gloriana

ELIZABETHAN SEA CAPTAINS IN PORT



had given him permission and sworn by her Crown that if any within her realm gave to the King of Spain to understand that this project had been set afoot, they should straightway be beheaded.

Thus said Drake. His friend Doughty, however, maintained that Master Christopher Hatton, to whom he himself was secretary, had done the work after he, Doughty, had deemed it wise to tell his Master and Walsingham of this Panama plan, which plan he, as much as Drake, had devised. However the commission was procured, that it was issued there can be no question. Walsingham, Leicester, and Elizabeth were for Drake, and since the cautious Cecil would certainly deem it imprudent, it was kept a dead secret from him. So Drake went ahead with his preparations, all unmindful that his friend Doughty had begun suddenly to attempt to wreck the project by corresponding with Cecil, who was powerful enough and to spare, to keep Drake indefinitely from the high seas.

Whether or not Francis was fully apprised of his friend's treachery before he sailed, none knew, for, despite both Doughty and Cecil, sail he did on November 15, 1577, with a fleet of five sail. He himself commanded the *Pelican*, the flagship,

100 tons and 18 guns. The vice-flagship was the *Elizabeth* of 80 tons and 16 guns, captained by John Wynter, master, William Markham. Then came the *Marigold*, a bark of 30 tons, with 16 guns, captained by John Thomas, master, Nicholas Anthony; the *Swan*, a storeship, 50 tons and 5 small guns, captained by Master John Chester, master, John Sarocold; and the *Benedict*, a pinnace of 15 tons only, a mere rowboat, armed with 1 gun and commanded by our old friend Moone, he who at San Barnardo had sunk poor John Drake's *Swan* at Francis's order. Among the crews, all of which together came to 150 men, sailed a number of young gentlemen, including Thomas Doughty and his brother. There were also all manner of ammunitions, map-makers, collapsible pinnaces, musicians, artisans, and rich table service and cabin furniture, in fact, every article and person calculated to speed the cruise to a successful close.

There was only one thing that stood to jeopardize the entire expedition, and that was Master Thomas Doughty. From the first, he fomented intrigues and encouraged disputes and discussions, Drake always tolerantly allowing them, still confident in his friendship. From the first, though he held no commission and only repre-

sented his master's, Hatton's, interests aboard, he maintained that his rank was equal with Drake's and his orders as valid. And from the first he brought ill luck to the cruise, for when the fleet was scarce off the Lizard of Cornwall, such a gale blew up as forced Drake to cut away the mainmast of the *Pelican*, and that drove the *Marigold* ashore. Back to Plymouth the admiral was forced to go to refit and not until December 13th was a fresh start made. Then, with a fair wind, the fleet made Cape Cantin on the west coast of Morocco on Christmas Day, 1577, and two days later lay behind the island of Mogadore to set up one of the pinnaces.

A few small prizes were picked up, and then Drake led away for Cape Verde Islands where, at Maio, a landing party under Doughty and Wynter had no success. But off Santiago a big Portuguese vessel laden with dry-goods and wine was taken, and Doughty put on her in command of a prize crew among which was a younger brother to the admiral, Thomas Drake.

Now it was that Doughty's traitorous inclinations began to be perceived by Francis. Though while on the *Pelican* he had been the favorite of its commander and had been always in his com-

pany, no sooner was he aboard the prize than he fell to pilfering from the cargo, and when Drake came aboard to look into the matter, Thomas Doughty accused Thomas Drake.

Unfortunately, Francis detected among his friend's belongings certain stolen goods and was suddenly furious. "God's wounds, Master Doughty, y' charge my brother with this thievery, but I tell ye straight, y' are thereby suspicioned with the disparagement not of Thomas Drake but of Francis Drake. See ye here, my Master, y' are perilously bold in this matter. Y' seek to sap my credit with the fleet, and by God's life I will not suffer it. Get ye aboard the *Pelican*, hang not upon it. Get ye aboard the *Pelican*, I say. Thomas, I leave ye here commanding. Come, Master Doughty, y' shall not stay here." And he returned to the flagship, blazing, with his one-time dear comrade at his shoulder, sullen and black as thunder. But Drake's temper, while short and fiery, was not dogged, and a friend of Doughty's, one Vicary, interceding for him, the evildoer was shortly returned to favor. When the admiral, releasing his prisoners in a well-provisioned pinnace and bidding them Godspeed back to Santiago, took over the prize as flagship, he left Doughty on

the *Pelican* in command. So easily were his suspicions quieted and his strange friend rejoiced therefor.

Doughty's first action as captain of the *Pelican* was characteristic. Calling the crew together, he made them a very notable speech, full of honesty and loyalty that ran as follows: "My masters, the cause why I call you together is for that I have somewhat to say unto you from the General [Drake]. The matter is this, that whereas there hath been great travails, fallings out, and quarrels among you, and that every one of you have been uncertain whom to obey, because there were many who took upon them to be masters, one commanding to such, another one forbidden, another commanded, therefore hath the General, by his wisdom and discretion set down order that all things might be better done with peace and quietness. And for that he hath a special care of this place, being his admiral [flagship] and chief ship and indeed his treasury for the whole fleet, as he the said General had appointed sufficient men to rule and govern the other ships, that order might be kept, so because our said General could not be in two places at once and must needs look to the prize which must do us all good, he hath sent me as his friend

whom he trusteth to take charge in his place, giving unto me special commandment to signify unto you that all matters by-past are forgiven and forgotten; upon this condition, that we have no more of your evil dealing hereafter. And for the safe accomplishing hereof, I am to tell you, that you are to obey one master in the absence of your General, who is to direct you in your business, as touching navigation, which is Mr. Cuttill, whom you know in this case to be a sufficient man. And for other matters, as the General hath his authority from Her Highness the Queen's Majesty and her council such as hath not been committed almost to any subject afore this time—to punish at his discretion with death or other ways offenders; so he hath committed the same authority to me in his absence to execute upon those which are malefactors. Wherein I will not disappoint his expectation and credit which he hath and doth look for at my hands, for the respect of any person: but whosoever offendeth (by God's body) shall feel the smart. Be honest men: by God's body and by the faith of an honest gentleman, I love you and mean to do you good. And I hope that a great company conceive of me that I will be rather your friend than your enemy, wherefore I wish as an honest gentleman

that you will so use yourselves that I may not have cause to lay that upon you which I have power to do, and therefore desire you will give me cause to think well of you. I make an end."

No one, least of all Francis Drake, could have spoken more pithily or with more effect. Known as an orator of distinction as well as a scholar and man of action, Doughty recognized his abilities, and it was his concern to convince the crew of the *Pelican*, sea-officers and gentlemen-volunteers constantly at variance, that he was true for Drake and would suffer no rebellion. At a later time, having completely gained their confidence, he might have a try at deposing the admiral, but that time was not yet ripe.

So, for a while, things ran smoothly enough aboard the fleet that drove daily southwestward toward that strait discovered to mariners but a few years before by the stormy Magellan. Drake in the prize ship, christened now the *Mary*, and Doughty in the *Pelican*, experienced no trouble, but the latter, according to some testimonies, fell soon to plotting to cut away the flagship from the expedition and to sail away upon some piratical venture.

The admiral, informed of this by his trumpeter, still aboard the *Pelican*, was this time

not only angry but concerned. For all he knew, Doughty had entirely corrupted the men on the flagship and was in a position to disrupt the whole expedition. He sent a boat straightway to the *Pelican* for its commander, and then went in to the great cabin of the *Mary* to kneel in divine service. In the midst of this the boat returned and Drake heard it pounding against the *Mary's* sides. Rising up, he went on deck, and as his one-time friend made to come aboard, checked him with a gesture. "Stay there, Thomas Doughty, for I must send you to another place." Then he commanded those who rowed the boat to put their prisoner, for such was the man become, aboard the *Swan*, the store ship, and told Sarocold, its master, that Doughty was placed in his charge as a traitor and as one who, by practising the Black Art, had brought upon the fleet all manner of storms and miseries.

This latter strange suspicion is not so strange when one considers the times and the fact that Francis was above all things else a child of his age. In point of intellectual attainment, his friend had always been his superior and had, according to testimony, however apocryphal, boasted of his ability to convoke the devil and divers lesser devils to do his bidding. So friend Thomas went

in disgrace aboard the *Swan*, where he was extremely unpopular with captain and crew, and straightway every sort of misfortune came flocking about the fleet. Having on April 6th, after two months without sight of shore, made a land-fall, the southeast coast of South America, near the Rio Grande do Sul, Drake was about to go ashore when a thick, dark fog encompassed the vessels about, and a storm was suddenly brewed that, bursting, not only drove them out to sea again but dispersed them. When the fog lifted, Tom Moone in the *Christopher* had disappeared. Drake was convinced that he was the victim of Doughty's witchcraft, and even when, at the river Plate, Moone rejoined him, his conviction was reinforced, for the *Swan* itself disappeared as the fleet made anew out to sea.

Drake was by now as nervous as he had it in him to become. He shifted himself aboard the *Pelican*, and on May 12th, under Tres Puntas Cape, was nearly lost while ashore searching for a good anchorage, when another fog arose and forced his ships away. Fortunately, the *Marigold* stood on and off until he was picked up, but when the fog lifted, his brother Thomas in the *Mary* was nowhere to be seen.

Drake for a time gave way completely be-

fore his shaken nerves. Though, on quitting Tres Puntas, the *Swan* was recovered and Doughty placed again aboard the flagship—where, for seditious speeches conjuring the admiral to give up the South Sea venture, he was at one time tied to the mast—every storm or mischance was laid to his dealings with Satan, and Francis cursed him at all hours. Eventually, with the *Mary* still missing, the suspected man was placed in the *Benedict*, which was at once lost sight of but recovered, and then, with his brother, in the *Elizabeth*, and finally it seems to have become a fixed conviction in Drake's mind that Doughty, much as he genuinely loved him, was destroying the fortunes of the fleet and must be got rid of. After lying at Port Santa Cruz where Magellan himself had rested two months, the three remaining ships, *Pelican*, *Elizabeth*, and *Marigold*, were, however, finally rejoined by the *Mary*, though the imprisonment of the Doughtys was nothing softened thereby.

On June 19th, Drake entered St. Julian's Bay, that grim, silent harbor where Magellan's captains had mutinied and where he had assassinated one, hanged another, and marooned two more, to find a remnant of a gallows still standing, and the precedent of the place

as though still horribly alive in the very bleakness of its barren shores. A landing party led by Francis himself was here attacked by the Patagonian Indians, whose arrows slew one Master Robert Winter and the *Pelican's* master gunner, and were only repelled by a caliver shot delivered by himself in the nick of time for his own and his brother's lives. What was further to occur at St. Julian's was to be no whit less tragic.

A crisis in the relationship between Francis Drake and Thomas Doughty, once fast and sworn friends, had now been reached. The continued misfortunes that up to this time had attended the expedition from the very hour of its leaving England had bred in the admiral's mind a suspicion, nourished finally to be a certainty, that his one-time friend was a Jonah if not actually a malignantly disposed magician. Like all the mariners of the age, Drake was profoundly superstitious, and concerning the palpable existence of demons, witches, werewolves, and the like, perfectly credulous. In England, in the familiar, sunny spaces of his garden in Plymouth, it is probable that he would have laughed at the suggestion that his friend Tom, his good gossip Tom Doughty, was in league with Satan, but here, in

a forbidding harbor of an unknown continent's coast, with the memory of Magellan's deeds a ghost that every man feared, here things were different. Doughty's presence had, certainly, bred from the start nothing but discord, quarrels, and rebellions, and if the adventure was to be continued, Doughty must go.

When the dismay occasioned in the minds of the men by the Indians' attack had somewhat abated, Drake summoned a court martial to sit upon one of the rocky islands of which the bay was full. He took his seat as judge, and before him and the whole fleet's company Doughty was brought to trial. As not a few men recognized, the proceedings partook more of the nature of a lynch court than of a court martial, but none could remonstrate with Francis once his decision was made. Poor Doughty must from the beginning have read in his old friend's blue eyes, hard now, and cold as steel, a sentence which he might not escape. Drake, as the prisoner was brought before him, leaned swiftly forward, leveled a brown, long finger, and charged him harshly with his sins.

"Thomas Doughty, y' have here sought by divers means, inasmuch as ye may, to discredit me to the great hindrance and overthrow of this

voyage, besides other great matters where I have to charge ye withal. How, now, would ye be tried?"

Doughty, a very brave man, smiled, as though deprecatingly. "Why, good General, let me live to come to my country. I will there be tried by Her Majesty's laws."

"Nay, Thomas Doughty, nay, I will here impanel a jury."

The prisoner shrugged his shoulders and for a minute looked away to sea.

"Why, General, I hope you will see your commission to be good."

A heightened color in Francis's dark tanned cheeks told of a blow got home. Doughty alone knew that Elizabeth's abnormal passion for making her servants shoulder all responsibility for deeds done in her behalf had held her from actually endorsing and giving to Drake a signed commission. But the admiral-judge was not to be intimidated. "I warrant you my commission is good enough," he returned, then stared like an angry bull, one hand rubbing the yellow beard upon his chin. Doughty still smiled, his eyes narrowed.

"Then, General, lest these gentlemen conceive that there worketh some prejudice in these pro-

ceedings harmful to mine own poor self, I would here have you show the matter, and our Queen's hand upon it."

But the time was past for fencing. Drake, thinking swiftly, saw that, under the guise of a legal trial, he must now get his man guilty under any conditions whatever, however violent and unjust. Throwing wide his arms, he whipped himself wilfully into a rage. "My masters, this fellow is full of prating. Bind me his arms, for I will be safe of my life." And as Doughty was bound, forty among the chiefest of the company were impaneled for a jury, and witnesses were called to testify. The principal among these proved to be one Edward Bright, a follower of the Drakes of Plymouth, who swore that, before even the fleet had sailed, Doughty had averred that both Queen and council had been bribed by Drake to wink at the piracies he meant to commit. And further, that though Cecil had been rigidly prevented from finding out the plan of the expedition lest he check it, Master Doughty had informed him of all and had admitted to having done so. At this evidence, Drake saw his intended action suddenly justified and his violent conduct protected. "Lo! my masters," he exclaimed, "what this fellow hath done! God will

have his treacheries known. For Her Majesty gave me special commandment that of all men my lord Treasurer [Cecil] should not know it; but to see how his own mouth hath betrayed him!" In spite of Doughty's protests that Bright was a known enemy of his, the judge fell straightway and jubilantly to charging the jury while the prisoner's friend Vicary expostulated in vain. At last, however, at the man's reiterated cries that the whole trial was illegal, Drake swung about on him like a teased lion. "God's blood, fellow, I have not to do with you crafty lawyers, neither care I for the law, but I know what I will do."

"But, good General——!"

"No more on't."

"But I know not how we shall answer for the taking of this gentleman's life——"

"Ye shall not have to do with his life. Let me alone for that. Ye are but to see whether he be guilty in these articles. Get ye apart, gentlemen, to ponder them."

The jury, standing at a little distance, with the wind in their beards and blowing their words out to sea, stayed not long deliberating. Doughty, unmoved, stood with bound arms, observing his friend's face, when they re-

turned. He knew as well as they that he had been found guilty. The spokesman said his say, prisoner guilty on all counts, but that the testimony of Edward Bright had been judged unreliable and wrongfully prejudicial.

Drake, avoiding Doughty's cool eyes, flapped a hand. "Why, I dare swear that what Ned Bright hath said is very true. Gentlemen, come with me now a little way upon the shore."

Leaving Doughty behind between two extremely depressed seamen, he led the forty jurors and the rest to a place out of hearing of the prisoner and talked with them as convincingly as he could of the justice of the trial just past and the end he meant to make of it. "His own mouth," he said of the man, "did betray his treacherous dealing: and see how trusting in the singularity of his own wit he overreached himself unawares. But see what God would have done; for Her Majesty commanded that, of all men, my lord Treasurer should have no knowledge of this voyage, and to see that his own mouth hath declared that he hath given him a plot thereof." He reached in his shirt and produced a handful of documents. "God's will! I have left in my cabin that I should especially have had." His companions looked briefly one at another. Strange

that he should have kept not by him his commission from the Queen. But he continued undismayed, rehearsing all Doughty's misdemeanors since the cruise had commenced, his traitorous dealings, the storms, fogs, and mischances that he had brought upon them all, and finally, bending his blue eyes on those who stood closest about him, he summed up his case: "And now, my masters, consider what a great voyage we are like to make. The like was never made out of England, for, by the same, the worst in this fleet shall become a gentleman. And if this voyage go not forward, which I cannot see how possibly it should if this man live, what a reproach it will be, not only unto our country, but especially unto us. Gentles, I say no more. Inform me by uplifted hands if this man be not fit to die!"

He was informed, whether or not unanimously, none now can tell.

For a little time Drake, the memory of a most dear friendship haunting him, thought that if his life might be spared without prejudice to the voyage it might be done, but though Wynter of the *Elizabeth* volunteered to be responsible for his safe custody to Peru, Drake's impulse shortly died. The chance was too great; with Magellan's Strait not yet passed, and Doughty's

influence with the devil still active. Together, Drake and his company returned to the high, bleak spot where the prisoner stood, straighter and more cheerful than either of his jailers. He received his sentence calmly, and the news that on the morrow it would be executed. He was unbound, and as he stood free before Drake, suddenly the two embraced and went together down to the boats.

Neither for the remainder of that day or upon the next did the condemned man comport himself otherwise than with dignity, and so debonair was his manner that Francis was filled anew with love for him and that admiration for his talents that had first drawn them together. "By the worthy manner of his death, he fully blotted out whatever stain his fault might seem to bring upon him." So runs the narrative of the admiral's family. When he took the last communion, Drake did likewise, and after they had prayed together, they rose up and shared a noble banquet with their fellow gentlemen and the captains, toasting one another with good wine and fair speeches until the time was come. Doughty then spoke apart with Drake for a time, and no one knew the import of their speech together, and afterwards the execution party went ashore. At the chosen

spot Doughty prepared for death. "Kneeling on his knees he first prayed for the Queen's Majesty of England his sovereign lady and mistress, he then prayed to God for the happy success of the voyage and to turn it to the profit of his country. He remembered also there divers of his friends, and especially Sir William Wynter, praying Master John Wynter to commend him to that good knight; all of which he did with so cheerful a countenance, as if he had gone to some great prepared banquet." Rising, he then declared himself ready and went forthwith to Drake, and the two friends embraced, Doughty asking that those men considered to be his accomplices be forgiven. After which, smiling, he turned to him who was to use the ax and exhorted him to do his duty with dispatch. "My neck is very short. Take heed, therefore, that thou strike not awry, for saving of thine honesty." That grim quoted jest of a greater man still echoed among the rocks when the broad blade swept.

Francis held his face expressionless as the head was lifted and as he said, in a loud voice, "Lo! this is the end of traitors."

Drake was from this hour onward a changed man. The boisterous devil-may-care lieutenant of John Hawkins, the gay, confident young man

of Nombre de Dios and the Spanish Main was gone forever. He became overnight, as it were, poised, calm, matured, and his immediately ensuing steps to prosecute his great adventure marked the change that had been wrought in him.

There remained in his fleet only four of the vessels that had sailed from England, *Pelican*, *Elizabeth*, *Marigold*, and *Mary*, for the *Swan* and the *Benedict* had been abandoned, and to reorganize the complements of these and to quell forever the bickering between the enlisted gentlemen and the sailors he called a general meeting on shore on August 11th and instituted a new and more stringent discipline. Marshaling his men by ship's companies, he read to them a prepared speech that still remains the most notable expression of England's tradition for the government of her sea service, after prefacing it with a short disavowal of his ability as an orator.

"Nay," said he to the fleet's parson, Master Fletcher, who would have preached a sermon, "Nay, soft, Master Fletcher, I must preach this day myself. My masters, I am a very bad orator, for my bringing up hath not been in learning, but what so I shall here speak let every man take good notice of, and let him write it

down; for I will speak nothing but I will answer it in England, yea, and before Her Majesty, and I have it here already set down." Then followed the chief matter of the speech and upon that a warning to all present that they must get together and remain together for the good of all. "For, by the life of God, it doth even take my wits from me to think upon these bickerings. Here is such controversy between the sailors and the gentlemen and such stomaching between the gentlemen and the sailors, that it doth even make me mad to hear it. But, my masters, I must have it left. For I must have the gentlemen to haul and draw with the mariners and the mariners with the gentlemen. What! let us show ourselves all to be of a company and let us not give occasion to the enemy to rejoice at our decay and overthrow. I would know him that would refuse to set his hand to a rope, but I know there is not any such here. And as gentlemen are very necessary for government's sake in the voyage, so have I shipped them to that, and to some further intent (to train them as officers for further expeditions of war against the Spanish Colonies); and yet, though I know sailors to be the most envious people of the world and so unruly without government, yet may I not be without them."

After which admonition he wiped his high wide brow and looked even more sternly at the men before him. His captains, Wynter and Thomas, flanking him, shifted uneasily upon their feet as he then offered the *Marigold* to any who might desire to return into England. "But let them take heed that they go surely homeward; for if I find them in my way I will surely sink them. Therefore, you shall have time to consider hereof until to-morrow; for, by my troth, I must needs be plain with you. I have taken that in hand that I know not in the world how to go through withal; it passeth my capacity; it hath even bereaved me of my wits to think of it."

He paused. Not a man raised his voice or came forward to beg that he be quit of the expedition. Then, to his captains' dismay, he deprived every officer of his command, spoke once again of Doughty's end, and observed that some few men there still were among the crews who deserved the same fate. "But, as I am gentleman, there shall no more die."

The companies ranked before him sighed audibly. Their admiral closed with a reiteration of the importance to England of the trip in hand, and then restored the officers to their commands and dismissed them to their duties.

There was no more trouble aboard the fleet after this day. A week later, every man rejoicing, Drake cleared from the ill-omened bay of St. Julian and drove southward for Magellan's Strait. On August 20th they made Cape Virgins at the eastern entrance and the admiral commanded that all topsails be struck in honor to the Queen, changing at the same time the name of the flagship from *Pelican* to *Golden Hind*, in compliment to Hatton, Doughty's patron, whose crest was a "hind trippant or." Francis foresaw trouble when once again he sighted England, and he wished in as far as possible to offset it. After three days, they came upon three islands lying close to the mainland, the largest of which Drake took possession of in his queen's name, christening it Elizabeth Island, and reprovisioning with its inhabitants, new birds to the English, called penguins. For seventeen days thereafter they sailed on between towering, icy peaks in the grip of all manner of freezing squalls that constantly threatened to dash them ashore, and finally had the South Sea of Drake's dreams open before them.

Two days they stood northwest. Upon the third, a northeast gale smote them almost flat upon the sea, and for two-and-fifty days that

gale did not abate. During its unexampled fury, the *Marigold*, commanded by Doughty's enemy, Ned Bright, disappeared one day, swiftly, as though it had been a ghost ship and had dissolved into sunlight. On September 7th, while the *Elizabeth* and the *Golden Hind* were lying to, after beating up from the south into which they had been driven, riding out the storm, their cables parted and they never met with each other again. Wynter regained the western mouth of the Strait and waited out the month, but on Drake's continued absence, lost heart and sailed away home for England.

In the meantime, Francis was sweeping southward again and yet farther southward, helpless in the grip of the wind. But, as he went, he observed that, though Magellan had believed that his strait cut between South America and a vast unknown Antarctic continent, the truth was that south of the strait lay islands, channels, and passages, and still farther south, nothing again but the open sea. Drake had discovered Cape Horn.

As his narrative explicitly states: "The uttermost cape or headland of all these islands stands near in 56° , outside of which there is no main nor island to be seen to the southwards, but that the Atlantic Ocean and the South Sea meet in a

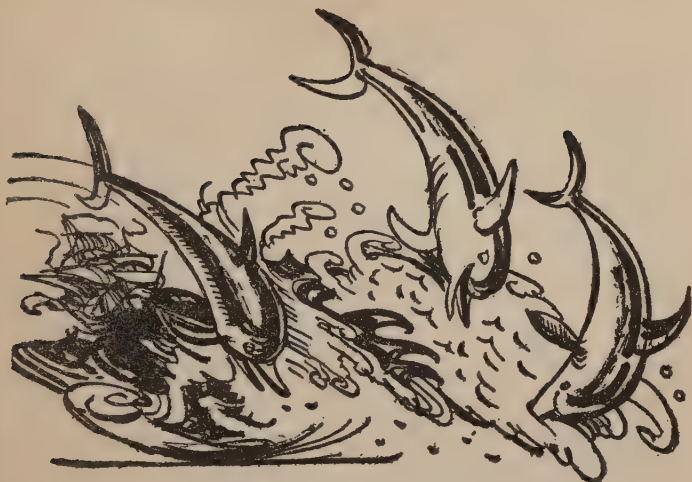
most large and free scope." To him his discovery seemed of the utmost significance, and when finally the gale blew itself out, that gale "the like of which no traveller hath felt, neither hath there ever been such a tempest, that any records make mention of, so violent and of such continuance since Noah's flood," he took it as a sign from heaven.

After two days of rest, he laid a course anew northwestward to pick up his consorts, stopping at some small islands to victual with birds' eggs. His Spanish maps indicated that northwestward lay the west coast of South America, but after twelve days had passed without yielding any sight of land, he boldly altered his course to the northeastward, and in time fetched the Valdivia River on the coast of Chile.

All things were now well, though the consorts had not reappeared, and though, at the Valdivia, Indians attacked a landing party, and many men, including Drake himself, were wounded with arrows. Still, foods were secured, and when the wounded had been tended, the *Golden Hind* made north along the coast to a place a little beyond Valparaiso, where the Indians were friendly and where Drake might

land and recruit the forces of his men. His consorts had been given a rendezvous on the coast of Peru, and he was not worried. The South Sea was now all his own to sail in, and the most famous sea raid in any history was at last ripe for delivery.

AROUND THE WORLD. II



CHAPTER VI

THE general of the Englishmen is a cousin of Juan Achines. He is the same who five years ago took Nombre de Dios. He must be a man of about thirty-five years, short, with a ruddy beard, one of the greatest mariners there are on the sea alike from his skill and his power of command. His ship is a galleon of about four hundred tons, a very fast sailer, and there are aboard her a hundred men, all skilled hands and of warlike age, and so well trained that they might be old soldiers of the Italian Tertias. Everyone is specially careful to keep his harquebuse clean. He treats them with affection and

they him with respect. He carries with him nine other gentlemen, cadets of high families in England. These are members of his council and he calls them together upon all occasions however simple, and although he takes counsel from no one, he is pleased to hear their opinions before issuing his orders. He has no favorite. These of whom I speak are admitted to his table as well as a Portuguese pilot whom he brought from England. This man never spoke a word the whole time I was there. He is served with much plate with gilt borders and tops and engraved with his arms, and has all possible kinds of delicacies and scents, many of which he says the Queen gave him. None of the gentlemen sit or cover in his presence, without first being ordered once and even several times. The galleon carries about thirty pieces of heavy ordnance and a large quantity of fireworks, and a great deal of ammunition and other necessaries. They dine and sup to the music of violins; and he carries all the appliances of carpenters and caulkers, so as to careen his ship when there is occasion. His ship is not only of the latest type but sheathed. I understand that all the men he carries are paid, because when they plundered our ship, nobody dared take anything without

his orders. He keeps very strict discipline and punishes the slightest fault. He has painters, too, who sketch all the coast in its proper colors."

Such a man had Franky Drake become from the brown, brave boy who had sailed the *Judith* for John Hawkins in 1567. The letter that thus describes him is by one Don Francisco de Zarate, whose ship Drake later captured, to Drake's ancient enemy, Don Martin Enriquez, viceroy, still, of Mexico. In such a fashion as this did Drake force the Pacific, and it may be seen that, though a pirate, he was not such a one as Morgan or the rogues who followed after him, England and Avery and Teach. He sailed in his queen's name, and if he was a pirate, then Elizabeth was a pirate queen. Which, of course, is just what she was.

Once rested, and provisioned by the friendly Indians north of Valparaiso, he made no delay in getting to his work. On December 5, 1578, he sailed into Valparaiso harbor and seized a ship that was lying there, the *Grand Captain of the South*, in which the famous Sarmiento de Gamboa had sought to discover the Isles of Orphir. Tom Moone led the boarding party that took it, to find the scanty crew awaiting them with wine and welcome, delighted to

see a ship at all in those far, untraveled waters. Drake went ashore, though there he found little plunder, an altar cloth or so, which he presented to the parson Fletcher. But the *Grand Captain* was stuffed with riches. Four hundred thousand dollars, or thereabouts, repaid their first capture in the South Sea. Dazzled, Drake saw the riches of all the world before him and continued northward, examining every Chilean harbor as he sailed, scarce eating or sleeping for excitement.

On the Pisagua River, a sleeping Spaniard was gently removed from thirteen bars of silver and four thousand Spanish ducats pilfered as the man still slept. At Arica, port of the world-famous Potosi mines, he was restrained by armed forces from plundering, but he carried off an empty ship and heard that ahead of him was another that was not empty. Arriving at Callao de Lima he seized a vessel bound for Panama and learned from its crew that the richest ship upon any ocean, the Great Glory of the South Sea, the *Nuestra Señora de la Concepción* had but a fortnight before cleared from Lima for Panama, laden with bullion for King Philip's Treasury. Drake spent no more time in minor forays. That famous ship he meant to have if he had to take it single-handed under the very guns of the

Golden City. Beating off certain pinnaces filled with soldiers sent after him by the Viceroy of Peru, he loosed his prizes, stretched every inch of canvas on the *Golden Hind*, and flew away northward like the sea wolf that he was become, hot on the trail of his prey.

This South Sea was in very truth a sea of great promise and most glorious fulfillment, a sea of sunlight and fair winds, a sea that washed a land no less benign, sleepy, sunny, riant with color, in spite of Spain. Five leagues from Cape San Francisco, Captain Francis took him another prize with about 240,000 dollars in its holds and a few hours later he beheld the "Great Glory of the South Sea" wallowing peacefully along about her business, all unmindful of a future packed with violence. This floating treasury, though beautifully named after a Catholic custom *Our Lady of the Conception*, was known to its sailors and to the entire South American coast as the *Cacafuego*, or *Spitfire*, in honor of its reputed invincible qualities as a fighter, but when Drake attacked her at eight o'clock of a gorgeous evening, this reputation was sadly belied. He had dogged her all day, checking the *Golden Hind's* speed by dragging a number of empty wine jars astern, and at his chosen time had cut these loose and

hauled close aboard the Spaniard. San Juan de Anton, the *Cacafuego's* master and owner, thinking that the viceroy had sent after him, and never for an instant suspecting that there sailed aught but Spanish in the South Sea, came about to inquire, and to his absolute and paralyzing amazement heard English voices calling upon him to surrender, "English! Strike sail!" was an alien order to the Don, and even the strong, solitary voice that had repeated, "Strike sail, Señor Juan de Anton, unless you would be sunk to the bottom," meant no more to him. Peering down over his towering vessel's sides at the ship below him, he was half angry, half amused.

"Strike sail!" he bellowed. "Strike! What manner of cruet stand d'ye think this is to strike? Come aboard and do it for yourselves."

His invitation was at once accepted. A chain shot carried away his mizzen, and as his men ran below to escape harquebuse and bow shot, a pinnace had him aboard upon his port side. Resistance was hopeless. Anton, like the cavalier he was, had refused to seek shelter and was actually alone on deck when he was captured and taken aboard the *Golden Hind*. With hardly a blow, Drake had captured the richest prize afloat.

San Juan de Anton, conducted before the

pirates' captain, found Master Francis in helmet and coat of mail, already unharnessing. He came forward as his prisoner entered the great cabin, and laying his hand upon the Spaniard's shoulder, said to him with a sort of grave gayety, "Accept with patience what is the usage of war."

All that night, the next day, and the next night, Drake sailed the prize out of the course of any shipping and then fell to transferring the treasure. The Spanish claimed afterward that 360,000 pesos registered, and 400,000 unregistered, were taken, or in dollars, roughly, 12,160,000, though the bereaved de Anton may well have exaggerated the losses of his king. At any rate, as the pilot's boy of the gutted vessel observed, one might no longer call it the *Spitfire*, but only the *Spit-silver*. San Juan himself was treated with the greatest courtesy, ate at Drake's right hand, and before he was set once more upon his course for Panama, presented with a gilt corselet and a German firelock of great value and merit.

Drake, born a yeoman, had the greatest possible admiration for the Spanish gentleman, his dignity, great courage, noble manners, and admirable composure in times of bitterest adversity. And besides, paradoxically, he felt sorry for the men whom he robbed. Each of the Spanish offi-

cers was presented with valuable presents according to his station, and every man of the captured crew was given 40 pesos, or about 640 dollars.

Drake, toasting the Don upon his departure, spoke to him briefly of Don Martin Enriquez, the traitor of San Juan de Ulua of tragic memory. It was, he said, to be avenged on this Spaniard that Elizabeth had authorized his raid, and further, that if Don Martin hanged any more Englishmen, he, Drake, would present him with 2,000 Spanish heads. Francis had heard in Callao de Lima of the end of his old comrade, John Oxenham, and was convinced that it was the work of his one personal enemy in the Indies. Drake never forgot an injury, and the day's work at San Juan rankled in his heart for all of his life. Before bidding his guest farewell, he gave him a letter to Wynter of the *Elizabeth*, now homeward bound these many days, though Drake did not, of course, know it.

"Master Wynter, if it pleaseth God that you should chance to meet with this ship of Saint John de Anton, I pray you use him well; according to my word and promise given unto them; and if you want anything that is in this ship of Saint John de Anton, I will satisfy again, and command your men not do any hurt." There was more in a very godly strain furnished doubtless

by Master Fletcher, but since the document never came into Wynter's hands, it were vain to quote it.

De Anton went aboard his own ship, and with the farewells of the English in his ears, and wishes for his good fortune, he resumed his course for Panama. As for Drake, his great raid was over, he had all the treasure he might carry, and his one concern now was to get safely home with it to Plymouth.

And this was like to prove a very great problem indeed. There were, he had told de Anton, four ways open to him to fetch England once again, one by way of the Cape of Good Hope, one by Magellan's Strait, one by Norway or the supposed northeast passage which all navigators of the day believed existed and had, from the west, been unable to discover, and a fourth which he would not name to the Spaniard, the way he himself had discovered around Cape Horn.

The Norway route, through the nonexistent Straits of Anian, believed to lie north of Cape Mendocino in California, and leading eastward through Canada to the Atlantic, was the route Drake preferred. For, if he discovered these mythical straits and no less mythical

passage, his fame as a navigator and discoverer would rival Magellan's own and quite eclipse that of his contemporary, Martin Frobisher, for whom he had no liking, and who, to tell truth, held Drake in great contempt as a mere piratical nobody, a Devon clodhopper misplaced at sea.

De Anton, no one's fool and an experienced mariner, smiled politely but skeptically when Drake, smoothing his yellow beard, announced that by this route he would be home within six months. "Alas, Don Francisco, ye will, by such a road, come not into England even in a year's time. Ye but go into a corner, a pocket out of which there leadeth no other path but that by which ye entered." But Drake was convinced to the contrary and continued northward to the coast of Costa Rica, where, lying hidden on Caño Island in Coronada Bay, he sent out a pinnace which captured a frigate on which sailed two Chinese pilots with all their charts. At this juncture, another *Cacafuego* would have been far less welcome than the two depressed Orientals who shortly found themselves in conference with the captain of the *Golden Hind*. Their charts wrought according to the rules laid down by the famous Padre Urdaneta, for North Pacific navigation, made Drake's problem of return a simple

matter, and though Francis was the first commander to sail round the world, he deserves less credit for his voyage than does Magellan, to whom the seas were uncharted wastes, and who adventured blindly and without assistance.

Safe in the knowledge that he now might go home across the Pacific if the Straits of Anian proved too hard to find, Drake at once offered one of the gloomy Chinamen a berth as pilot and a thousand ducats as pay, to work the *Golden Hind* westward across the South Sea. Though the yellow wrinkled man persistently maintained that he not only would not but could not pilot, he was detained on board, and the cruise resumed toward Guatemala. On the way thence, another prize was taken, the vessel of Don Francisco de Zarate, to whom we owe the foregoing description of Francis aboard the *Golden Hind*. Don Francisco, sailing placidly, with a cargo of China silks and porcelains, beheld in the moonlight of the night of April 4th a large craft that seemed about to run him down. As it passed him, he beheld a smaller one being towed, and this swung under his counter and erupted over his sides men in harness who fired pistols in the air, hurt no one, and captured his ship. Don Francisco, until requested to come aboard the stranger,

remained confident that the whole thing was a joke, since no one sailed the Pacific but the men of Spain, but when he heard English spoken and beheld Drake strolling lazily up and down the deck of the *Golden Hind*, he realized anew that God's ways are inscrutable and made the best of it. Going forward, in his polished way he kissed the pirate's sunburnt but well-kept hands, and the two went below into the great cabin. Drake called for wine and smiled very genially.

"Sir, I am glad that we are met. Be easy, good sir, and hearken a little. I am a very good friend to those who deal with me truly, but to those who do not . . ." He paused, and under the Spaniard's untroubled gaze, made a gesture of dismissal. "And so you shall tell me, for this is the best way to stand well with me, what silver or gold that ship carries."

Don Francisco replied: "None, only one or two plates on which I am served and one or two cups, and that is all."

Francis said nothing and tasted the wine, rolling it a little on his tongue. Finally he wiped his mustaches and inquired, "Do ye know Don Martin Enriquez?"

"I know him even very well."

"Doth any kin of his, or friend belike, sail with you?"

"None."

"Because I would rather meet with him than with all the gold and silver in the Indies, that I might show him how to keep the word of a gentleman."

And as Zarate made no reply and continued looking at him, he arose and led the way below, where, in a small cabin, there sat upon the floor, inscrutably somber, the Chinese pilot. "Yonder," remarked Drake sympathetically, "sits a pilot whom the viceroy was sending to Panama to take Don Gonzalo to China, and he is called Colchero." He invited Colchero thereupon to join them, and the three went on deck and talked, or Drake and Zarate talked, until the stars waned and the old Chinaman had been sleeping for hours.

Among other matters, Drake spoke of his dead friend Thomas Doughty, of his great parts and charming address, and of the need to execute him. John Doughty, Zarate learned, ate at the admiral's table but never left the ship. Next day being Sunday, the *Golden Hind* was tricked out in flags and ancients, and Drake, having thus

paid reverence to the Sabbath, proceeded to go over the cargo of the prize. He took nothing save some trinkets of Zarate's, giving in exchange a chafing dish and a curved dagger, and excusing his action on the grounds that his wife was fond of such toys. Upon the day after, Zarate was bidden Godspeed and departed, profoundly impressed by El Draque, and convinced sadly that the Pacific was to be no longer Spain's especial province.

The *Golden Hind*, driving on for Guatemala, fetched the port of Guatulco on April 15th to find the authorities entirely taken up with trying three Negroes accused of attempting to burn the town. A landing party brought off judges and prisoners alike, and the former were requested to sign an order commanding the inhabitants to quit the place. Which, when they had done so, left Guatulco for the English to use as a drydock, and the flagship was set in order forthwith. No plunder worth the telling was taken, save by Tom Moone, who pursued a Spanish gentleman anxious to be elsewhere and relieved him of a gold chain and some jewels. Provisions were what Drake most desired, and these he had, with a few bushels of reals of plate. When the work was done, sail was hoisted on the *Golden Hind*, and

its captain left Spain's sadly rifled coasts and waters to discover new lands. Behind him, terror ran hand in hand with rage from Chile north to Mexico, and a Peruvian squadron under Don Luis Toledo vainly sought him, though had Don Luis hearkened to Sarmiento de Gamboa, the great navigator, he might have come up with him. Sarmiento was for striking north to Nicaragua, but Don Luis idled along to Panama, not overly anxious, perhaps, to find him whom he sought.

Drake's course north from Guatemala was laid for Cape Mendocino and the Straits of Anian. In spite of de Anton's skepticism and the sure alternative offered by the Chinese charts of the Pacific, he held to his desire for a great new discovery, and day after day coasted by California resolute and confident. He passed, it is probable, outside the islands that guard San Diego, Los Angeles, and Santa Barbara, the islands of San Clemente, Santa Catalina, San Nicolas, Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa, and San Miguel, plied northwest by north by Monterey and San Francisco, and in due time left Cape Mendocino itself far behind. The weather now grew very cold and the winds adverse, and everyone, including finally Drake himself, became heartily sick of the Straits of

Anian and convinced that, anyway, there were none such. When in 48 degrees of latitude, or in the neighborhood of the Island of Vancouver, a renewal of the northwesterly gale against which he had been beating for days made further advance impossible, he renounced discovery and, turning about, ran down before the wind to that little bay formed by Point Reyes, near San Rafael, and only a little distance northward of the Golden Gate.

Here Drake put in, and the bay is now named after him. The *Golden Hind* had sprung a leak, and it was expedient to stay awhile to rest, repair and, if possible, provision. The men went ashore and encountered Indians who straightway regarded them as gods, and who came about in great numbers shouting, "Hjoh!" which Drake was at last constrained to believe meant "King." Indeed, with visions of a Great Western Empire in his mind, Francis accepted their homage and, in his own words, considering "to what good end God had brought this to pass, or what honor and profit it might bring to our country in time to come, in the name and to the use of her most excellent Majesty he took the scepter, crown, and dignity of the said country into his hand."

Almost forty years before, the gallant Spaniard Cabrillo had sailed this way and had been likewise honored, but where there was no knowledge there could be no precedent before which to bow, and Drake christened California forthwith, naming it New Albion, and discovering it to be a very rich land filled with fat deer, good soil, and willing, industrious natives. Every day the ailing among the Indians came to Drake's camp to be cured by a sight or by the breath of the heavenly visitors, and, to Drake's dismay, they sacrificed daily before his tent, with howls and exclamations that much disturbed his Protestant sense of decency.

He stayed a month, repairing his ship and administering the affairs of his strange kingdom, and when he sailed, his subjects sacrificed with redoubled frenzy, wept and clamored like children, and burnt great fires upon the headland until his sail had dropped below the blue rim of the Pacific. This was on July 23d, and sailing, Francis thought certainly that he had founded a great province for England. The belief gave him more genuine satisfaction than all the millions in gold and silver he had ravished from Spain, for it was fame he now chiefly desired, the fame that was Cortes's

and Magellan's and Frobisher's, the fame of a leader of colonial expansion. What Spain had done before, he maintained that England could do better, and he believed, not without some grounds, that he had proved this to be true.

For eight-and-sixty days, in the meantime, the *Golden Hind* wallowed southwestward, heavy in the water by reason of the treasure that was its ballast, and not easily handled. At last, when the empty sea was become sickening to his eyes, Drake fell in ken of certain islands now known as the Pellew Group that lie south and east of the Philippines. Here the *Golden Hind* was surrounded by gaily decorated canoes filled with so godless a race of savages that they would have stolen his very anchors had he not beaten them off and sailed on after a day's rest. And even so the savages followed after in their canoes, piping and screaming like sea-birds. For about two weeks thereafter, he had no sight of land, but on October 21st he made and anchored off Mindanao, in the Philippines, where he refilled his water casks. Continuing among divers small islands, he had caught sight of the Moluccas when he spoke a galleon for provisions, but was refused them and could not catch the stranger to board it. So he went on toward Tidore, intending

to conciliate the reigning Sultan and by so doing injure the credit of the Portuguese, who held many of his islands. The time of his coming could not have fallen more happily either for himself or for the Sultan Baber who ruled the Moluccas.

Ten years before, the Portuguese Governor Lopez de Mosquito had bidden Baber's father, the Sultan Hairun, to a feast upon the island of Ternate, and then had slain him treacherously, cut up his body, and thrown it into the sea. Baber, in revenge, drove the Portuguese from Ternate and killed without mercy any that he happened upon, and when Drake put into Tidore, was planning yet another raid on their remaining posts.

The governor of Tidore proved to be a Moorish gentleman of rank who served Baber, and he persuaded the willing admiral of the *Golden Hind* that Baber would never forgive him if he should visit his blood enemies the Portuguese before himself. Drake was nothing loth, and upon the following day dropped anchor before Ternate Port and dispatched presents to the Sultan. Upon the receipt of these, Baber was as happy as a child. Great war canoes came out to greet the Englishman, paddled to the rhythmic hum of stringed instruments, armed with brass

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guns and musketeers and hung with wondrous colored mats.

Baber, self-important, naïve, and altogether delightful to such a young man as Drake, who was by habit as hard as steel and, by reason of his experience with Doughty, skeptical of all men, was a staunch ally of England from the start. He volunteered to grant to Drake, as Elizabeth's representative, the monopoly of the Molucca spice trades, and screamed with delight to hear Drake's lutes and violins.

The *Golden Hind* saluted with all her ordnance, and the war canoes towed her into port while Baber, at his urgent request, trailed along at her stern in one little boat, while in another sat the ship's orchestra, playing like mad, to the Sultan's ineffable delight. No more brilliant a reception had the Devon men ever seen than that one accorded to themselves, but when the spice monopoly treaty had been drawn up, Drake did not stay. Baber was his very good friend—then; but Oriental potentates were whimsical men—witness what had befallen Magellan—and it were unwise to outstay so gorgeous a welcome.

He cleared from the Moluccas to the sound of the music that so fascinated the impressionable Sultan, and sailed away for the Celebes, south-

ward of which he found a small island which proved a sort of earthly paradise to his men. For nearly a month, the English rested, dozed the golden days away, ate fruit, bathed in the translucent shore waters, and became, those of them that remained, fifty-six in all, as strong and healthy as they had been upon their sailing from England. The *Golden Hind* was drydocked, cleaned, and caulked, and when Drake left his island, it was with a sound ship once more and a sound crew.

But there still lurked misfortunes ahead of him. Running free before a fine, roaring trade, in what he deemed the open sea, the ship fetched suddenly up with a terrific shock upon an invisible reef, and there for twenty hours lay balancing in the waves with gold, silver, and spices at the mercy of wind and water. Drake saw nothing ahead of him but wreck and a living death upon some meager atoll where the devilish idolatries of the heathen would drive him, stout Protestant that he was, to madness. Always providing that such an atoll might be reached, for the nearest land lay twenty miles to windward, and there was already blowing a mighty wind.

All prayed to God to get them off the reef, and some sought to warp her off by means of the





SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

anchors, but no bottom might be sounded. Fletcher, the parson, prated that this misfortune was the price of Doughty's murder and erred thereby, for when, quite suddenly, the vessel slipped off again into sweet water, Drake fell foul of him with a vengeance. He ordered that the unhappy man be padlocked by the leg to the forehatch, and sat cross-legged upon a chest before him, pale with one of his swift, violent angers. "Francis Fletcher, I do here excommunicate thee out of the Church of God and from all the benefits and graces thereof, and I denounce thee to the devil and all his angels. And if ye once come forward the mast, I will hang thee higher than ever was hanged Haman. Keep ye clear of my men, Francis Fletcher. Bind me a posy about his arm, my masters, and have writ upon it 'Francis Fletcher, the falsest knave that liveth.'" Which was done, though when his passion was spent, Francis set the fellow free straightway.

For another month, at loss to clear the Celebes, he beat about the seas of Banda and Flores until he fell in with some natives who guided him to an island called Barativa. From here he was able to steer a fair course for Java, where he found the Rajah well disposed toward him, and where, on the south coast, he drydocked once more and

made all ready for the last leg home. He laid his course for the Cape of Good Hope on March 26, 1580, and under all sail, drove Englandward at last, with no more troubles ahead.

When he opened Plymouth Sound in the end of September, his immortal voyage done, he found that the news of his work had preceded him. Wynter, in the *Elizabeth*, had been home a year, and dispatches by way of Seville from the Indies were filled with angry eloquence touching the rape of the *Cacafuego* and the gold ships. Spain's patience was now at the breaking point, and, far from applauding him, London Town and its merchants cursed him for a pirate bound to destroy their trade compacts with Philip's ports. The merchant fleet for Spain was about to sail, and now came this great thief homeward in time to ruin all.

The political situation, too, was fraught with anxieties for long heads like Cecil's, since Philip had seized Portugal on the death of her king, and now held at his command the vast maritime interests built up by the Portuguese. Spain was aiding the Irish rebels in spite of firebrands like Dick Grenville and Humphrey Gilbert, and, to cap all, had built a great armada ostensibly to quell the Barbary pirates but

actually to forcibly resent the work of such a one as Franky Drake. That clever captain had all these things from a fisherman picked up in the Sound before ever he landed, and heard to boot that the plague was in London, though, thank God, the Queen was well. Drake staked all on Elizabeth's approbation, and, until he was sure of it, lay out in Plymouth Harbor on the pretext that he feared the sickness. His wife came out to him, and the town's mayor, but he saw no one else until he had dispatched letters to the Queen and to others who had sponsored his adventure, Walsingham, Leicester, and, it may be, Hatton.

At first came tidings that the Queen "was displeased with him, for that, by way of Peru and Spain, she had heard of the robberies he had committed and the Spanish Ambassador was there who said he would demand restoration of what he had taken." Drake, on the receipt of these, smiled a hard smile, cleared the *Golden Hind* for action if need be, and warped it out of the harbor to anchor behind Drake's Island. Finally, however, news came from Elizabeth directly, bidding Captain Francis Drake to court with what curiosities he had collected during

his voyage. This was quite enough. Gold, silver, and jewels fared under escort to London by the horse-loads, and though the council sought to send the whole treasure to the Tower to be registered prior to restoration, Walsingham, Leicester, Hatton, and Her Gracious but Sagacious Majesty refused to sign the order.

Drake was by royal command allowed to take a large share for himself, and his crew and the three noblemen and their sovereign received out of it forty-seven times their initial investments. Elizabeth, therefore, who had put in 1,000 crowns, took out 47,000 or some 58,750 dollars, and the rest likewise. Thus, when Mendoza, the Spanish Ambassador, very rightfully sought redress on Drake and restoration of the treasure, he sang a tune that England's Queen could not hear, and nothing was done to comply with Philip's claims. Elizabeth, fencing, delaying, and equivocating, refused to see the outraged diplomat as long as a Spanish soldier remained in Ireland, and a year passed, during which time the pirate's credit at court grew stronger and yet stronger. Though, for a while, he was intensely unpopular with the great merchantmen, and his patrons Walsingham and Leicester were out of favor,

Hatton was not, and he it was who completed Drake's success at court and insured his influence with the Queen. To Mendoza's shocked amazement, she was to be seen in constant conversation with the sea robber, and took occasion, on April 4, 1581, to come down to Deptford, where lay the *Golden Hind*, preserved there as a national memorial property, and, in the face of all Europe present in its ambassadors, knight the "master thief of the unknown world." She was, at this time, flirting with France as an ally against Spain and pretended to favor the Duke d'Alençon as a suitor, and all the French notables were with her when Drake came forward to salute her upon his weatherbeaten deck that had seen so much blood, so much gold, and so much salt sea water.

After a very noble feast, with music and rare foods and wines, the Queen made open defiance to the power of Spain. Mendoza demanded Drake's head. It was well, he should have it. Drake's courtly composure did not alter, but less experienced magnificoes there present stiffened to attention.

The Queen called Drake to her and commanded that he kneel at her feet, which he made haste to do, gravely and with punctilio. Now, quoth Her Majesty, she had a golden sword with

which to swap off that turbulent head, and lo! she produced it. No one breathed. It was her own high laugh that shattered the silence as she handed the weapon to no one other than Marchaumont himself, the French Ambassador, and bade him give the accolade.

Franky Drake of Plymouth, poor and unknown, one-time apprentice on a Kentish coaster, late lieutenant to John Hawkins, ship-builder, rose up from his knees Sir Francis Drake, favorite of Gloriana, by virtue of his piracies one of the richest men in England and certainly its greatest mariner. From this time on, his credit rose and rose, books and ballads circulated to augment his fame, no one dared withstand him, far less poor John Doughty, whose brother's execution was never avenged, and he became more and more a ruling force in the kingdom. Doughty's accusation, that "when the Queen did knight Drake she did then knight the arrantest knave, the vilest villain, the falsest thief, and the cruelest murderer that ever was born," never came before the council, and he who made it lay in prison for so doing. Drake was become invincible. In public affairs he was named, with Hawkins, to lead an expedition of alliance with Don Antonio, rightful King of Portugal deposed by Philip, to operate

against Spanish commerce from Teceira in the Azores, and though the expedition never ripened to fulfillment, Sir Francis lost nothing thereby.

In 1581, he was made Mayor of Plymouth, and four years later, pathetic, sea-widowed Mary Newman dying, he allied himself with an older gentility by marrying the lovely Mary Sydenham of the knightly house of Combe Sydenham in the shire of Somerset. At the full meridian of his age, he was become a great man in England and the world, but had he died at forty, history might have ranked him with Morgan, the buccaneer of Porto Bello and Panama, instead of with Blake and Vernon and Benbow and Nelson of the Nile. Greater deeds lay ahead of him, and deeds far nobler, perhaps, than those that lay behind.

FAMILIAR WATERS AND CADIZ BAY



CHAPTER VII

SIR FRANCIS'S second honeymoon was to be even shorter than his first. The long-awaited war with Spain, the war that had been coming since John Hawkins's early voyages and the violences at San Juan de Ulua, opened in 1585, and Drake struck the first blow. Married on February 10th, on September 14th he took the sea, admiral commanding the greatest private squadron ever dispatched from England, to singe King Philip's beard and finally to establish the sea power of Britain. In the flower of his age,

imperious, hot-tempered, merciless toward those who thwarted him, he was become so great a man in the eyes of England and so terrible a one in those of Spain that the war party of which he was the backbone had now the upper hand of Cecil's peaceful policy, and young England was behind him to a man. He sailed this time as an accredited high officer of the Queen and not as an ambitious privateer, and the officers of his fleet of twenty-one sail and eight pinnaces were among the most brilliant sea warriors of the time.

Upon the *Bonaventure*, the flagship, was Thomas Fenner, a notable mariner; the vice-admiral was Martin Frobisher himself; Francis Knollys, cousin to the Queen, brother-in-law to the great Leicester, sailed upon the *Galleon Leicester*; Wynter, Thomas Drake, Tom Moone, and Richard Hawkins, nephew to John, were of the company. Christopher Carleill, son-in-law to Walsingham, came to command the soldiers, of which, with sailors equivalent to our marines, there were 2,300. It was the strongest armament that Drake had yet commanded, and though it aimed ostensibly at the punishment of Philip for seizing the English corn ships lying in his ports, it in reality intended a great and devastating raid upon Drake's old fancy, the West Indies. Its

sailing had for a time been deferred by Sir Philip Sidney's joining, but Sir Francis, his judgment of men forever warped by Thomas Doughty's defection and end, was too old a hand to sail with the Queen's favorite aboard. Sidney was recalled by his mistress, and the *Bonaventure* led away for Vigo, where Drake purposed to teach Philip in his own waters that Spain was no longer invincible.

When he had made this port, he took a very high hand with the Governor, threatened the town with a show of armed men, and suffered Carleill to seize several small boatloads of church treasures valued at some 6,000 ducats, besides a rich cargo of wine and sugar. Since the terrified Governor maintained that his king's embargo upon the corn ships had for a week been lifted, Drake had no further reason to pillage, and so continued on his own business, the principal object of the enterprise, namely the Indies and the Spanish Main. It was his plan to capture San Domingo, Margarita, La Hacha, Santa Marta, Cartagena, Nombre de Dios, and Havana, which would be held as an English base, sack them all, and thus wipe out the power of Spain in those places upon which she most relied.

Seventeen years before, working the *Judith*

westward in the broad wakes of the *Jesus of Lübeck* and the *Minion*, these places had seemed to him impregnable, awe-inspiring strongholds, to be respected, baited if possible, or prudently to be looked upon from afar. Now, confident that the globe held not a place upon it that he might not take if he wished, they seemed but so many oysters, waiting to be opened and rifled of their pearls. After seizing *Nombre de Dios*, he would send Carleill with 5,000 maroons and 1,000 English down the familiar Chagres and on to Panama, which, while he himself laid waste Honduras, would be served as had been Cartagena and the rest. A bold empire-destroying plan indeed, for the whilom master of the *Judith*. But first he would make a clean sweep of Philip's embattled holdings nearer home. Santiago, in the Cape Verde Islands, had been the key of Portuguese empire upon the seas, and since Spain now held Portugal, Santiago was fair game. He conducted his fleet thither, therefore, and on November 16, 1585, dropped anchor between it and Porto Praya. Carleill, with a thousand troops, was landed to invest the fortifications of the town, and these, though admirably supported by nature, were taken without a blow, on the day

following. The city fell without resistance, but Governor and inhabitants had wisely fled to San Domingo, twelve miles in the interior. Three years before, French corsairs had sacked Santiago, and the lesson had not been forgotten by its people.

Since no ransom for the town was forthcoming, Drake and Carleill, with 600 soldiers, strolled in a morning to San Domingo and made inquiries of the Governor himself. This official remained courteous but obstinate, so obstinate that Drake retired to Santiago, leaving San Domingo in flames. In the meantime, the English in the former place had found no plunder but much strong and heady wine, and on their admiral's return were like to prove a little mutinous. One soldier, indeed, was executed "for an odious matter," and the rest were put straightway under strict oath of allegiance, after which a sally was directed against Porto Praya. Here, also, however, was found no treasure, and so irascible were the fleet officers become because of this, and because a ship's boy was found murdered by the inhabitants and horribly mutilated, that Drake burnt the place without mercy, and Santiago, too. Then, on November 26th, with the

flames of his vengeance still red over the Cape Verde Islands, he laid his old course westward for Dominica and his favorite haunts.

Eighteen days only, this time, brought him his landfall, and he was more than ever glad to see it, for the plague was among the crews, killing men whom the Spaniards had found invulnerable. It was that same plague that had smitten his men at Fort Diego, years ago when he was young and merely a rising freebooter, but Carib Indians at Dominica furnished him with tobacco and cassava bread, the former held to be a mighty antidote for yellow fever. So, after a brief convalescence, he called a council of war and decided to fall straightway on San Domingo, the oldest town in the Indies.

San Domingo, in the great church of which, before the high altar, lie Christopher Columbus and his brother Diego, was at once the strongest and the most beautiful Spanish holding in those waters, and indeed, few towns in old Spain save Seville, Toledo, and Madrid, might rival it. It was well protected by a harbor barred at the entrance, and a great fortified castle, and the coasts upon either side echoed continually to the thunder of so mighty a surf that no ship might come too near. Drake, how-

ever, knew that, if he took it, the news would do more to make Spain tremble than any feat of his thus far, and with Carleill to strike at it by land and he by sea, he knew the project to be feasible.

Consequently, after touching at St. Christopher's Island and Hispaniola, he sent out an advance squadron to harass the inhabitants, and on New Year's Day, 1586, made up himself, flags flying and all his armament prepared. Ten miles from the harbor, a secret landing place was discovered to him by a captured Spanish merchantman, and though this was picketed by Spanish, the maroons, with whom he was able to communicate, guaranteed to dispatch the sentries. Drake therefore disembarked his troops in small boats, and toward dawn, himself piloted them in through the surf to the little beach, where he found that the ever-loyal hill men had stabbed the pickets to death some time before. Here, in the dawn of January 2d, Carleill took command of the landing party and Drake returned to the fleet which he led straightway back before San Domingo harbor.

As his ships moved into position to the sound of music and the roll of little drums, the castle engaged her artillery and broke out the flags

of royal Spain. The English flagship answered at once, running out its guns, while small boats were lowered and plied shoreward with the force designed to coöperate with Carleill. To deal with these, Spanish horse, foot, and guns moved out of the city gates nearest the shore and had come some way toward the sea when the redoubtable Carleill appeared to their right and rear, moving in two columns to the sound of drum and trumpet, to cut them off. Whereupon, in great haste, the Spanish fell back to cover the town gates, attempting, after the manner of colonial tactics, to use their cavalry under cover of a drove of cattle, but the Englishman had too well disposed his musketeers upon all sides. The Spanish cavalry fell back upon the infantry, the artillery bellowed only once in the faces of the advancing enemy columns, and these, at the order, came on to charge at push of pike. So hotly was this hand-to-hand encounter prosecuted that the Spanish all at once gave way, and Carleill found himself in the town's plaza, completely victorious. The great ensign of St. George was flung out to the breeze from a tower top, the fleet ceased firing, and the town garrison betook themselves cross-harbor in a panic and into the open country beyond. The castle still held

out, but was evacuated on the day following, and San Domingo was all Drake's own.

He found, however, that, as had been the case at Santiago, there was little gold about and less loot to satisfy his soldiery. The inhabitants preferred porcelain and glass to plate, and the mines, for lack of natives to work them, gave no yield. Though, to convince the Governor that he was in earnest for the great ransom that he demanded, he burnt a third of the town, he was forced by February 1st to accept 25,000 ducats only and to sail away. He performed one act, however, that was of educational value to the Spaniards. A caballero with a flag of truce upon his lance, having run this through Drake's own black boy sent to ascertain his business, was executed at Drake's instance by his own men, after the English admiral had asked once in vain for his punishment. As this had not at once been forthcoming, Drake had hanged two friars and promised to hang two every day until what he asked was done. To Sir Francis, black man was as good as white, an opinion incredible to Castilian gentry. But, in the main, though he took but little of Philip's gold, he had, by capturing San Domingo, struck the first dangerous blow at Spain's international credit. With Cartagena he

meant to strike another that would prove more harmful yet.

Sailing thence on February 1st, he experienced a great longing to drop in on the scene of his first activities against Spain, the white battle-mented town of Rio de la Hacha, but his schedule, upon which he stood already six weeks late, would not admit of it. He did indeed put in there, but stayed only a day, remembering the brave times of his youth, the pugnacious Town Treasurer, and his own stout kinsman John Hawkins, now rusting ashore. In spite of all, the noble fulfillment of his quest that had yielded him not only riches but a great fame, in spite of his great flagship and notable company of officers, he would, for that day, have given all of these to be once again two-and-twenty and on his first command. He left Rio de la Hacha unmolested, left it so with regret; and yet he was glad to sail on. The place bred in him a sort of homesickness for the past.

The present, however, very shortly recommended itself to his notice. He found Cartagena warned and prepared, and in the hands of Don Pedro Vique Manrique, general of the coast of the Spanish Main and a soldier of wide and distinguished service, and since Drake had occasion

to know Cartagena almost as well as his own Plymouth, he realized that it would be a hard nut to crack.

The capital place of the Spanish Main, it was far smaller than San Domingo but proportionately more important, and in its defences, natural and constructed, nearly impregnable. Its sea face looked west, and its harbor, which lay to its south, was formed by a long lagoon to which were two openings, the Boca Grande or "Great Mouth," a league and a half south of the city, and a half league beyond that the Boca Chica or "Little Mouth." Inside the Boca Grande, a sort of natural breakwater ran inward and eastward across the lagoon toward the mainland, and the interior harbor thus formed was guarded at its narrow entrance by a chain. Opposite to this entrance, upon the mainland, there flowed an unnavigable creek which entirely surrounded the city upon its eastern and northern sides, so that, with the sea upon the west, and the lagoon harbor upon the south, Cartagena stood surrounded by water, save for the spit of land that ran from its walls southward to the north shore of the Boca Grande. Access to it was to be had from the mainland only by way of a stone causeway three hundred yards in

length which crossed the encircling creek where it opened upon the interior harbor, and this causeway was well commanded by a stone fort set at its mainland extremity.

It may be seen that a lesser naval genius than was Drake might well have hesitated before such a masterpiece of defense, but Sir Francis, by now convinced that nothing in the world might stop him, made little of it. He realized that a land attack might be made only by way of that spit of land which ran southward from the city walls to the north shore of the Boca Grande, but since Sores, the French corsair, had, in his time, realized this also, and had utilized his realization to take and hold Cartagena for ransom, Don Pedro Manrique had taken precautions. At its narrowest point, this land, when Drake appeared, was trenched, sown with poisoned stakes, and well fortified; while galleys were anchored in the inner harbor to the east, which might enfilade attackers. Still, Drake made his plans. Instead of entering the harbor by the Boca Grande he proceeded to lead his fleet in by the narrow and dangerous Boca Chica, thereby convincing Don Pedro that the land attack that had so well succeeded at San Domingo was about to be repeated, and the English troops landed secretly

at some place well south of the city. Once inside the lagoon, however, Drake worked north in it till he lay just off the inner end of the Boca Grande at which place he let go anchors and remained, about a mile from the chained entrance of the inner harbor.

Don Pedro, observing all this, remained totally unconcerned. Let El Draque land as he would, there was not an inch of land that was not spiked and guarded by his veterans. But Drake was fertile with devices for amphibious warfare unknown to captains who fought by rule of thumb. Carleill was landed as night descended on the lagoon, on the north shore of the Boca Grande, and strictly enjoined to march northward toward the city walls but *not* upon the spit of land itself. Until he was close enough to rush the poison-staked trench across its narrowest point, he was to wade in the surf, or if need be, swim, upon its seaward side. Frobisher, with the flotilla of pinnaces, was to feint at the harbor fort as Carleill charged the walls.

All took place as had been planned save that the land force, groping cityward in the dark and the talkative surf, lost their way and heard Frobisher's guns as he developed his feint before the trench was reached. Carleill, however, push-

ing his waders forward at a run, soon came in sight of this and formed his command for the attack, while the Pacific still gurgled around his steel-cased thighs. The forlorn, or vanguard, composed of pikes and musketeers, was led by Sampson and Goring respectively, two experienced officers, while Powell led the main battle of four companies and Captain Morgan the rear. Carleill, peering in the darkness, perceived that the trench ran not quite to the beach, and that a silver strip of sand, protected by the swell of the land from the guns of the galleys in the interior harbor, had been left free for the ingress and egress of the pickets to the trench. Here was the place to force, and here the sound of fighting drowned the surf noise as Carleill led his little army shouting in from the sea. Goring's musketeers opened at close range and then retreated as Sampson came through them to meet the Spanish at push of pike. The defenders fought like tigers, but as Biggs, one of the English, observed, "our pikes were somewhat longer than theirs and our bodies better armed . . . with which advantage our swords and pikes grew too hard for them and they were driven to give place." Valiant though they were, they continued to give place until Carleill drove through the city gates in a tum-

bling, screaming press of fighters and found himself in full possession of Cartagena plaza.

Thus was taken the capital of the Spanish Main, a stronghold deemed by Spain and France and England to be well-nigh impregnable. Drake the admiral, like Drake the pirate at Nombre de Dios, was, however, an officer who paid little heed to accepted theories and fought upon inspiration and in his own fierce way. It was not until years later that he became accepted as one of the great naval geniuses of history, but Cartagena, like Austerlitz for the incomparable Napoleon, marked the zenith of his career. Hereafter, England expected genius and success from him, and Cadiz and the Armada awoke no wonder in the minds of her people. Drake was invincible, and when he ceased to be, his cold queen never forgave him.

He asked £100,000 for Cartagena's ransom, a sum regarded then as equal in our money to nearly five millions of dollars. In the end, after sacking the town, destroying the harbor shipping, and burning what buildings he might, he accepted 110,000 ducats, or a little more than \$227,857. The Governor, suave, hospitable, and charming, protested, in spite of all practical coercion, that more he could not pay, and after a council of

war, Drake took the sum and evacuated the city. The alternative was for holding it as an English base in the Indies, but sickness and casualties had much weakened the expedition, so much so that the council even considered Panama too strong for the planned operations against it. The temper of the men, of which only 700 soldiers remained, thrice disappointed in the matter of plunder, remained loyal but strained, and on consideration, after six weeks of occupation, the fleet cleared and the whole campaign was closed.

The distinguished strategists of his own time afterward maintained that this was the great mistake of Drake's life, and certainly, had he held Cartagena, the consequent history of the Spanish Main would have been far different than it was. It is, however, difficult to see how, with his diminished strength, he might have held on, and as for Drake himself, it was Havana he desired to make an English base, and not Cartagena. Of the two, had he succeeded in his plan, Havana would have served the better for England and himself.

The voyage home was a long one, since, at the Cayman Islands and at Cape Antonio, the invalids among the crews were allowed to

convalesce ashore, and at Cuba a savage gale held the fleet from making in to Matanzas for water. Plying toward Florida, they missed one of the treasure fleets by twelve hours only, a mischance that so grieved Drake that he razed the Spanish fortifications at St. Augustine with more than ordinary joy. Sailing northward by Virginia, they took off from Roanoke Island Grenville's Virginian colonists, and so were abandoned not only England's first conquests in Spain's Indies, but her first colony in the New World.

Still, when in the full summer of 1586 he opened Plymouth Sound with the west behind him as so often it had been before, Drake had wrought a great trouble in the heart of Spain. In English money of to-day he had half a million in ransoms and loot, and the moral effect of his successes on international affairs was tremendous. Spain's credit was badly damaged, and England's never so high. His report to the ageing Cecil, the great Lord Burleigh, shows that he knew the value of his work.

"My very good Lord, there is now a very great gap opened, very little to the liking of the King of Spain. God work it all to His glory." Still cautious and only half won over to the cause

of open war, the greatest of Gloriana's ministers smoothed a gray beard and pondered. "Truly, Sir Francis Drake is a fearful man to the King of Spain."

To Philip himself it seemed as if the fellow were destined never to cease from harrying him. Scarce home from the familiar waters of the Spanish Main, Drake put to sea anew on April 2, 1587, commanding a squadron of 23 sail, ships, pinaces, and a new-designed galleasse for fighting, all to be used in striking the first blow at Spain's home coasts before the long-awaited, almost legendary armada might clear away for England. Elizabeth was straight for war in December, but, as was usual with her, by March she had changed her mind and sent off to Drake at Plymouth a letter forbidding him further to annoy her brother-in-law on any occasion whatever. His orders originally had pleased him enormously, since they read thus: "For that by information the King of Spain is preparing a great army by sea, part at Lisbon, other in Andalucia, and within the Straits (of Gibraltar) all which was judged should meet at Lisbon and the same come for England or some part of her Majesty's dominions; her Majesty's pleasure is by advice of her Highness's Council that you with these ships

now under your charge should come hither to this Cape, and up this coast and seek by all the best means you can to impeach their purpose and stop their meeting at Lisbon if it might be; whereof the manner is referred to your discretion.²²

Reading these in his Plymouth garden one cold silver evening, with her ladyship near him amid the chilly stalks of her roses, Sir Francis waxed as merry as though he had drunken a hog of Canary. Here was to be fun in plenty, and when in March came another set of commandments, less to his liking, he read them as though with eyes grown blind and straightway forgot them. "You shall forbear to enter forcibly into any of the said King's ports or havens; or to offer any violence to any of his towns or shipping within harboring, or to do any act of hostility upon the land." What senseless talk was this?

Tirelessly he pushed forward his work in spite of desertions and all that enemies could do to delay him, and was under sail on April 2d, all but his first instructions lost to his memory.

Upon the flagship *Bonaventure* again he took command as admiral, and for vice-admiral he had upon the *Golden Lion* William Borough, Clerk of the Ships, and, after himself and his cousin John.

Hawkins, the first naval authority in the kingdom. Borough was a brave captain and an able man, but, like many another expert upon technicalities and rules of action, a great stickler for procedure and formality. Frobisher on the Spanish Main had made an excellent vice-admiral, in spite of the fact that he had for Sir Francis personally little liking and some little jealousy, because he had come to realize the man's genius upon a quarter-deck and had obeyed this rather than the man. Borough, regulations in one hand, sword in the other, fought by formula, and in the end narrowly escaped at Drake's hands the fate that had befallen Doughty. More than ever was Drake become warped in his judgment of men, and more than ever did he perceive in disagreement with his opinion, mutiny and an intent to betray.

All this, however, lay yet in the future, when, on April 16th, the fleet came again together at the Rock of Lisbon. Drake had heard in passage that Cadiz Bay was filled with Spanish shipping and units of the great armada, so did not linger here but made straight for the former place. Before ever raising land, he broke out from the flagship's main his flag of council, and while still under sail, his captains, obeying the order,

found him awaiting them in his cabin much as he had found Hawkins awaiting him in the great cabin of the *Jesus* at Dominica a score of years before.

The council that ensued was, to Borough, the shortest on record. Drake observed that he intended straight for Cadiz Bay, and that the fleet would follow him in and fall to upon the shipping there kept safe. That was the order, and, to Borough's outraged sense of caution and etiquette, there was no further discussion. Upon the instant, the captains dispersed to their respective decks, and the fleet drove on toward a sea stronghold no less admirably disposed for defense than had been Cartagena.

The old town of Cadiz crowned the summit of a steep, high rock which rises sheer from the sea in the midst of a deep indentation of the coast. Southward from this, for some five miles, runs a low and narrow neck of land in the general direction of the coast, and behind the natural breakwater thus formed were enclosed an outer and an inner harbor. The only channel of entrance to either lay beneath the guns of the Matagorda Castle, for, save for this, the bay entrance was sown with reefs and ledges. The inner harbor formed by a

piece of land known as the Puntales, which ran from the inner side of the Isthmus eastward toward the mainland, had an opening half a mile in width, but its anchorage was filled with galleys, the most formidable type of sea craft for fighting in confined water. On the farther side of the outer harbor stood Port Saint Mary, within the Puntales passage at the extreme end of the inlet, Port Royal, both places defended and formidably manned. Borough's misgivings were thoroughly justifiable, but he had not before sailed with Sir Francis Drake. In vain the unhappy officer pleaded with the admiral, when the bay came in sight, to await the darkness before attacking. Drake laughed at him. His blue eyes flashing, his yellow beard all curly in the wind, he seemed charged with the very juice of confidence. "Wait, quotha? God's body, Master Borough, I would not wait for my Lord Admiral (God save my good Lord Howard ever) himself. I have my commission in my pocket and a fair wind between my shoulders, and so, sail on, I say."

As the fleet made in, each vessel with a bone in her mouth, two galleys beat out from Port Saint Mary and were loosed upon with culverin. As they ran back like wounded things, Drake on

the *Bonaventure* opened the harbor and saw it filled with at least sixty sail of all design and sort, most of them, in very truth, sinews of the Great Armada. In confusion and tumult, masters and men and ships, warned by the firing upon the galleys, seemed all to be running hither and yon and rocking in the tide. The English fleet came on like hungry ospreys, raked with a shattering broadside ten more galleys that had come out to meet them, and in a swirl of smoke and spume came about in the midst of the defenseless shipping that filled the outer harbor. Some of the Spaniards had succeeded in running in behind the Puntales where lay the monstrous galleon of the Marquis of Santa Cruz, Don John's sailing admiral at Lepanto, and the first sea officer of Spain.

Drake, in the red light of the burning enemy shipping in the outer harbor, beheld, as night fell, its high sides in the inner anchorage and warped his fleet close to the passage. Next morning, to his vice-admiral's incredulous dismay, he manned a flotilla of pinnaces and sailed in under the very mouths of the spouting Spanish guns ashore, and in person boarded the galleon. Borough, ordered to follow, now was positive that Sir Francis was gone mad. As he

passed each English ship, he took it upon himself to order them to make haste out of the harbor and in time found his chief back in the cabin of the flagship, refreshing himself with a sop of good wine after capturing the noble Marquis's dearest possession. What he said to Drake is not known, since the admiral afterward maintained that the man might hardly speak for trembling and Borough himself insisted that he merely consulted him about victualing the *Lion*. When he had returned to his own ship, however, he lost no time in warping her out toward the sea and, but for some ships detailed by Drake to assist him, would have been captured by the galleys of Port Saint Mary. Beyond the harbor mouth he continued to lie until the investiture of Cadiz Bay was over, maintaining that he did so to guard the admiral from attack in the rear by the galleys.

Sir Francis, at the time, said nothing, burnt 172,000 ducats worth of shipping and cargoes, fought land batteries and galleys to a standstill, and in two days sailed out again under the silenced guns of Cadiz to stand westward for the Azores. Borough followed in the wake of the flagship, thanking the astonishingly partisan god of Elizabethan mariners that the thing was over, and quite ignorant of the fact

that a yet more unorthodox naval gambit was in store.

Knowing that Recalde, vice-admiral to Santa Cruz, was somewhere at sea with his squadron in the neighborhood of Cape Saint Vincent, Drake swiftly decided to take him and forego the Azores where, Spanish intelligence believed, he purposed to seize the homeward-faring treasure flota. Recalde, however, came by the news of Cadiz and was safe in Lisbon when El Draque led his sea wolves north to rend him. Disappointed for an hour, Drake's genius functioned anew to supply an idea that, in all justice to the harried Borough, smote the other captains also as being little short of hair-raising. Cape Saint Vincent was Recalde's station and the focal point of many a Spanish concentration for conquest. Since Recalde lay snug under Lisbon's guns and the eye of Santa Cruz himself, he, Drake, would take Saint Vincent, and after that Lisbon herself, perhaps, and then the treasure flota with which sailed the *San Felipe*, as had been the *Cacafuego* in the old days, the richest ship afloat.

Borough, speechless with alarm, gibbered rules and regulations in vain. He drafted a protest, finally, which proved not only his un-

doing as an active officer, but almost his death warrant. Poor man, though he ended it with a humble and pathetic plea, Drake was raging. "I pray you, take this in good part, as I mean it: for I protest before God, I do it to no other end, but in discharge of my duty toward her Majesty and the service."²²

Sir Francis laughed with a sound as of a leopard coughing. "Ha, here cometh another Doughty to bewray me. Go summon me the fellow that I may consult with him hereupon."²²

Poor Borough came and blanched before his admiral's unreasoning and unreasonable fury. In vain he offered to burn his protest. Drake charged him in many violent words with insubordination and with accusing his superior officer with neglect and breach of duty, and then placed him under arrest upon his own ship.

Following which he led on for Cape Saint Vincent, and in two days, to the abiding and shocked astonishment of Spain, had taken not only Fort Avalera, the fortified monastery of Saint Vincent and the Castle of Valliera, all strong places, but also Sagres Castle, confidently believed by Santa Cruz and Recalde to be impregnable. The whole history, indeed, of these raids, might be summed up by saying that Spain had vantages with

justice deemed invincible, and that Drake took them all. Cape Saint Vincent's armaments were dismantled, adjacent shipping swept from the seas, and a course laid forthwith for Lisbon. No one, not even Drake himself, really intended, perhaps, to treat this famous city as had been treated San Domingo, Cartagena, Cadiz, or the Cape. Lisbon, after all, was Lisbon, undoubtedly the most superbly defended seaport in the world, and of all Spain's strongholds the only one that was truly impossible to conquer. Nevertheless, Drake sailed to Lisbon, lay in the sight of all that filled the city, and dared the illustrious Santa Cruz to issue from Saint Julian's Castle and fight with him. He pointed out that he could not come in but that the Marquis dared not come out, asked whether King Philip planned to make war on England that year, threatened to sell his prisoners to the Moors, laughed heartily, even vulgarly, at the nobleman's courteous rejoinders, and sailed away still laughing. At the Cape again he docked the fleet to clean his ships and then proceeded on his way rejoicing, for the Azores and the gold-laden *San Felipe*.

Before making sail from Sagres Bay, he sought to draw out of Lagos the Count of Saint Gadea and his galleys, sent to spy on him and if possible

to join hands with Santa Cruz at Lisbon. Saint Gadea, however, was too punctilious a gentleman to venture where Santa Cruz of Lepanto had refused to precede him. Amid the reefs of Lagos, where Drake's ships might not go, he observed lazily and with amusement El Draque's outrageous gestures of invitation to come out and fight like a man, and never stirred. Finally, Sir Francis cleared for the Azores, and King Philip, hearing of it, was aware of a sinister premonition.

Off Saint Michael's in those islands, the great carack laden with the very sinews of his country and the projected war with heretic England, wallowed along in a stiff breeze, to blunder into a great fleet of ships which, when it dipped its colors, declined to show their own. Within cannon shot, the Spanish captain experienced not only a premonition but a conviction. The ensign of England broke out in the wind even as the rolling thunder of culverin fire deafened his ears. Though the *San Felipe* fought bravely, the English pin-naces hung like sharks under its high sides so that its guns might not command them, and, like the *Cacafuego*, it had brought its treasure not to Philip but to Drake.

It yielded, in dollars, not far short of five million as we estimate to-day, and on June 26,

1587, the English fleet was home in Plymouth Sound, having delayed Spain's mighty effort with the Armada for at least a year.

Of all Drake's raids, and indeed, of all contemporary naval expeditions, before or after, the one just ended was the most notable and the most renowned. The strictest criticism has pronounced it flawless, and for an example of how a small well-armed fleet, acting on a well-timed offensive, may paralyze the mobilization of an overwhelming force, it cannot be equaled. The splendid and valiant Marquis of Santa Cruz, held powerless in Lisbon by frantic, conflicting orders from his king, now touching Cadiz, now Cape Saint Vincent, now Lagos, and now the Azores, disregarded them all in the end and sailed for the latter to protect the flota, but he sailed too late. The *San Felipe* was gutted and Drake in Plymouth when the Don raised Saint Michael's.

As for Drake himself, he was become so famous in England that he came to look upon himself more and more as the sword of God active against the idolatrous followers of Rome. Though, writing to Walsingham, he might cause that scholarly gentleman to smile when he strove to quote military classics, commenting, as he did,

on Scipio's capture of Hannibal, to others he was an object of veneration and awe.

The pathetic Borough, tried for his alleged offenses, was acquitted, to his admiral's anger but to the relief of everyone else, for Sir Francis's temper, tyrannous at sea, might not with safety be allowed equal sway on land. But for the rest, Drake in England was omnipotent. As John Hawkins might well reflect with wonder, the mad wag of the *Judith* had so far outstripped his master that the older man was now but mere ship's clerk compared with him.

THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA



CHAPTER VIII

JOHN HAWKINS it was who built the English fleet that smashed the Invincible Armada, Drake who was the spirit of it, and Elizabeth who delayed its achievements. No finer array of ships had ever taken the sea than that which, on May 30, 1588, set sail, to strike at Philip's armament while still it lay in Spain. Compared to them, in point of sailing capacity, soundness, guns, and officers, the much-heralded Armada was but a collection of leaky, clumsy houseboats, undermanned and pitifully underarmed. Spain's vaunted 130 sail, galleons, galleasses, ships, urcas, and pinnaces, were but fat, stupid sheep compared to the Royal Navy of Elizabeth with its sixscore sail of which 69 were galleons and great ships and its 10,000 veteran and toughened

seamen, each one upon a vessel that, for speed and lithe strength, had no equals afloat save its own consorts.

Hawkins, working day and night at Plymouth, achieved wonders, Lord Howard, the High Admiral, and Sir Francis Drake, vice-admiral, father of the art of warfare under sail and one of its greatest masters, stood ready for months before the actual day, to put out to meet the foe.

As for Spain, the great Santa Cruz died before his fleet was ready, of overwork and unjust attacks, the assembled crews deserted or fell sick, and Europe, looking on, wagered that the Armada would never sail against the English who "never yield; and though they be put to flight and broken, they ever return, athirst for revenge, to renew the attack, so long as they have breath of life."²

The Venetian ambassador at Madrid observed that "the Englishmen are of a different quality from the Spaniards, bearing a name above all the West for being expert and enterprising in all maritime affairs, and the finest fighters upon the sea. . . ." Such was the world impression produced by the career and achievements of one man alone, and that man was

Drake. Howard's, the admiral's, name was never mentioned in Europe in connection with England's ships. To the Pope and all his Catholics, El Draque was the shield of the heretics and the true Anti-Christ.

But, though everything stood ready in March, the ships taut and equipped, Howard anxious to be off, and Drake again and again imploring permission, in magnificent letters, to force the Armada out of Lisbon and then destroy it, Elizabeth resolved and unresolved, planned and broke her plans, and delayed till her captains were nearly mad with her indecisions. Howard, Hawkins, and Drake corresponded, fumed, and pleaded all in vain. "I protest before God," wrote the noble earl, "and as my soul shall answer for it, that I think there were never in any place in the world worthier ships for so many. And as few as we are, if the King of Spain's forces be not hundreds, we will make good sport with them."

Hawkins was more curt. "If we stand at this point in a mammering and at a stay, we consume, and our Commonwealth doth utterly decay. . . ."

Drake was naturally more concerned than anyone else. "My very good lords, next under God's mighty protection, the advantage and gain of time and place will be the only and chief means

for our good," and so on *ad infinitum* and all to no purpose.

Elizabeth, with an extraordinary ignorance of naval strategy, informed Howard that, instead of leading the fleet down to the Spanish coast and there to get home the first, and probably the last, blow, which was Drake's pet plan, it would be better to keep it lying where it could guard not only all of England but Scotland and Ireland as well. This was such palpable folly that Howard would have enjoyed a hearty laugh at the suggestion had he not been so beset with worries. He rejoined curtly that, "It is a thing impossible for us to lie in any place or to be anywhere to guard England, Ireland, and Scotland," and that "Sir Francis Drake, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Frobisher, and others, that be men of greatest judgment and experience, as also my own concurring with them in the same, in that the surest way to meet with the Spanish fleet is upon their own coast or in any harbor of their own, and there to defeat them." This was on June 13th, two weeks after he had put out from Plymouth with every ship for Spain and had been driven in again by adverse winds.

Further orders and counter orders followed, during which time the Duke of Medina-Sidonia,

successor to the lamented Santa Cruz, had finally put out from Lisbon for the Scilly Islands, at which place he intended to concentrate his fleet, but had been forced with his shambling, ill-assorted hulks and galleons into the port of Coruña. On July 7th, in spite of the fact that inexcusable mismanagement or Elizabeth's wondrous parsimony had prevented the English fleet from being at all provisioned, Drake persuaded Howard to strike south once and for all and to crush the limping Armada as it stuffed Coruña's ill-defended harbor.

Howard, always a believer in the apothegm, "The bigger they are the harder they fall," one learned, of course, from Drake, agreed and signaled to make sail. There is no doubt that, in this most daring and most brilliant movement ever executed by a naval commander, Drake felt that though England was left unprotected and the fleet was without food, he could victual from the enemy after smashing him before he ever got into action, and be back in Plymouth victorious within a month. Certainly, as the magnificent ships drove southward before a northerly wind, one that would prevent Medina-Sidonia from quitting Coruña, Sir Francis felt that things were all over with for Spain. Then, when almost

in sight of the prey, the north wind died like a shot goose, in a series of convulsive gasps, and a gale blew up from the southwest. Without food it was impossible to hang on and await a change. Profoundly and somberly astonished at this strangely disloyal act of God, Drake and Howard had nothing to do but to return to England.

In Plymouth, upon its return, the great fleet lay, the admirals feverishly victualing their ships and playing at the old game of bowls to divert their minds, and all the time the same southwest wind blew in across the sea and in a little time blew the Invincible Armada out of Coruña, and on Friday, July 19th, into sight of the Lizard of Cornwall.

Upon the Hoe of Plymouth Drake was gripping his *lignum-vitæ* ball and sighting for the jack, while his captains and his admiral drank cordials in post-prandial ease, when Captain Fleming of the *Golden Hind* ran up and cried that the King of Spain's great enterprise had been seen by English eyes. Drake and Howard, exchanging swift glances, realized that Spain had served them as they had sought to serve Spain. Not Medina-Sidonia but Drake was caught in port.

Nevertheless, the vice-admiral refused to

show the least sign of nervousness. Still gripping his bowl, he fingered his beard for an instant, then sighted anew for the jack. "E'en so I must finish me my game at bowls. Good my lord, there is time for that and to beat the Spaniards after."

It was July 20th when the Spanish high admiral reached Dodman Point, within striking distance of Plymouth Sound, and all through the previous night the English commanders had labored frantically to make ready for the sea. With the wind still from the southwest, Medina-Sidonia had the opportunity of his life to sweep the sound and to destroy Drake and Howard while still they lay at anchor, but he let it slip, and the morning of the 20th found the bulk of the English beating out to safety. The Spaniard, believing that Drake and Howard were conducting separate commands, one guarding the west and one on watch in the channel lest the Duke of Parma, at Calais with a great army ready to embark, successfully join hands with himself, received with astonishment the news that the English admirals had effected a conjunction.

While he lay at anchor during the night of the 20th, the English fleet continued to beat into the teeth of the wind, and on Sunday morning had passed round his flank and lay well to windward

of his position. The Spanish lookouts after dawn on Sunday, when the mist had cleared, were the first to know that the enemy was not Drake's western squadron only, and when their admiral came on deck to find to seaward of his fleet, stretched out in line-ahead and heeling over on the port tack, the magnificent Royal Navy sweeping down to attack, he realized that any strategic advantages he might have had were now lost to him. There was nothing left for him to do but to break out the Royal Standard from the fore of his flagship, thereby signaling for a general engagement.

With the wind shifted now to west-northwest, Drake in the *Revenge*, that vice-flagship immortal in history, and Howard in the *Ark Raleigh*, came on like greyhounds with their fleet close-hauled, in line of battle, splendid with flags and terrible with the postponed menace of the best naval artillery in the world. No more glorious sight can be imagined than that one presented by these ships that old John Hawkins had built and that his lifelong friend and kinsman Francis Drake actually commanded, as they raced by the ill-sailing, towering hulks of Spain, firing upon the Armada's vanguard as they went, and then falling upon its rearguard in such a rolling

thunder of gunnery as no Spaniard had ever before experienced.

Recalde, that stout old sea dog whom Drake had sought at Cape Saint Vincent, was cut off and surrounded and, for two hours, was pounded by the battle-drunk vice-admiral, Frobisher, and Hawkins, until, when Medina-Sidonia relieved him, his great galleon was a wreck. When, in the early afternoon, the Spanish admiral contrived to pull together his sprawling armament, Howard signaled to discontinue the engagement, and the English fleet made off to lie half a league to windward, watching the enemy falling to the leeward of Plymouth, mauled and discouraged. The galleon of the Armada's paymaster general, with that official on board and all his chests, blew up with a great noise not long afterward, and Howard signaled anew to make sail for the shattered vessel, but the Spaniards had recovered their habitual courage, and so admirably did their squadrons stand to for action that the English prudently withdrew. The first day's fight was over, and Drake on the *Revenge* dismissed the whole affair as a mere childish skirmish. "The twenty-first," he wrote, "we had them in chase and so coming up with them, there hath passed some cannon

shot between some of our fleet and some of them, and as far as we perceive they are determined to sell their lives with blows."

The veteran Hawkins was no less nonchalant. "We met with the fleet somewhat to the westward of Plymouth upon Sunday, being the 21st of July, where we had some small fight with them in the afternoon."

No one upon the English fleet felt that they had yet come to grips. As night fell, and the long summer twilight waned, the breeze freshened and the Spaniards continued down the channel, bound apparently for the Isle of Wight. Following them, the English steered, some of them, by the red riding light of the *Revenge* and were proceeding peacefully along in the soft darkness when suddenly the light that led them was no more. Next morning, the *Revenge* was nowhere to be found, no disposition of Drake's squadron could be made to attack, and his fellow officers, Frobisher in particular, were shocked and astounded. These sensations turned, however, to rage when it was found that Drake had deliberately doubled back and seized, with all its treasures, the galleon of Pedro de Valdes, which had fallen behind the Armada owing to shattered gear and injuries. Frobisher, upon this information, felt all his ancient enmity

renewed. He pointed out that Drake had ever been a pirate and nothing more, and swore that, as for the galleon, he would have his share of the spoil or, by the Body of God, he would make the coward spend the best blood of his belly.

Drake's story, however, owing to his rank and reputation, cleared him from any formal charge of having gone absent without leave. He steadfastly maintained that he had perceived a press of boats to seaward, so had put out his riding light and gone in chase. Finding them neutral, he had, upon returning, fallen in with Valdes and his battered vessel, and had called upon him to surrender, which the Don had done forthwith, protesting that he would have yielded to no one else than Drake, "whose valor and felicity were so great that Mars and Neptune seemed to attend him in his attempts, and whose generous mind towards the vanquished had often been experienced, even of his greatest foes." This, being equivalent to saying to Frobisher, "That's the story, and if you don't like it, what are you going to do about it?" ended the matter, except for Frobisher. That gallant but wrong-headed seaman kept it in mind.

Monday, however, had been lost, and on Monday night the wind fell before the English

fleet might come together, so that, to Medina-Sidonia's pleased surprise, one group of Howard's ships might be seen in the moonlight lying at some distance from the others. The duke's flag officers, Leyva, Oquendo, and Recalde, urged him to allow them to attack at once, but unfortunately Don Hugo de Monçada, captain general of the Italian galleasses and son to the Viceroy of Cataluna and Valencia, had sought permission to attack Howard, and Sidonia had refused it. The privilege of engaging the enemy's ranking officer belonged to and was most jealously guarded by the Admiral himself, and though Don Hugo was a Catalan knight of high position, his request went for naught. Consequently, though Sidonia offered him through Oquendo an estate of 3,000 ducats a year to engage with his galleasses the isolated enemy craft, he remained sulky, and at dawn had done nothing to attack them.

Thus was let slip another chance to badly cripple Elizabeth's navy, and when the battle of Portland broke on Tuesday in the morning, Drake and Howard were as strong as ever.

As an example of Spanish naval discipline, this occurrence is not without interest to us. Moncada's inaction was virtually mutiny but was,

apparently, quite sympathetically looked upon even by Sidonia, who understood the code by which the great, proud noblemen of Spain governed their lives.

Tuesday morning before the battle found the Armada in possession of one distinct advantage. It was unified while the English fleet was not, and when, at five o'clock, Howard reached in-shore toward the northwest in order to get to windward of the enemy, Sidonia, doing likewise with intent to come to close quarters and board, checked the Englishman's attempt and forced him to go about and sail eastward close upon the Spanish rear. Hawkins in the *Victory*, Thomas Fenner in the *Nonpareil*, and some eight others followed his flag, and coming on in line-ahead, these captains raked the front of Leyva's division, which had come about to bear down upon them, with the same murderous effect that the English artillery had produced two days before.

The Spaniards, however, lumbered on into that hail of shot, and as Fenner, the last in immediate line, left them astern, cut between Howard with his ten vessels and the remainder of his fleet. Frobisher in the *Triumph*, and five other English, were cut off nearer shore and heavily punished, and Drake, tacking independently, as did Nelson

two hundred-odd years later as Cape Saint Vincent, kept on in a more southerly course than Howard's easterly one, until he had made a better offing. Sidonia had thus practically severed the English fleet, but in cutting off Frobisher, following, and attempting to board Howard and in keeping an eye on Drake's movements to get to windward, his own ships were well dispersed.

Drake, in the meantime, had detected his old friend Recalde to be again in distress, and now fell upon him with such fury that Sidonia was forced to dispatch his own consorts to aid him, continuing alone toward where Howard had come about to relieve Frobisher. The High Admiral of England, perceiving the High Admiral of Spain thus approaching unattended, his towering flagship wreathed in and belching smoke, forsook Frobisher and came on with the vessels in his company for a trial of strength.

As Howard's flag flickered before Sidonia's eyes, the Spaniard knew that, in spite of his solitary position, he might not in honor give way, so came up into the wind, signaled for support, and awaited with calmness the English fire. A more terrible cannonade had never before been loosed on either Turk or Christian. The English flagship and its consorts, and immediately afterward

Drake and his, forsaking Recalde, raked the great galleon until the holy standard that it bore was ripped in two and all rigging torn to shreds. Fifty men upon its decks were killed and sixty wounded, as one by one the English ships foamed by, their sides a smear of stabbing fire, their works hidden in a long billowing cloud of smoke. When the last one had passed, Sidonia was helpless and could do nothing but signal for his fleet to reform on him as it could, and as he did so, the English fleet drew away in safety.

The next day, Wednesday, July 24th, save for a brief action in the morning, saw little fighting. A calm had fallen, and the two armies of ships could not move, so Howard employed the time in dividing the fleet into four squadrons, one of which he commanded, one Drake, one Hawkins, and one Frobisher. The latter officer, though nearly beaten when cut off upon the day before, had profited by a favorable slant of wind which, in the nick of time, had enabled him to rejoin the admiral's flag, so that his reputation was deemed to be in some measure restored. In the late afternoon, this work completed, it was seen that a wind was coming, and on its arrival the Armada got under way in the direction of the Isle of Wight, sailing in good order, to the candid

admiration of the English. Sidonia had resolved to lie off the Wight until he had established connection with Parma, and it was this island that Drake and Howard confidently believed to be his true objective. Consequently, when the wind fell, leaving both fleets lying becalmed eighteen miles to the south of it, they girded up their loins for a last terrific effort. To John Hawkins fell the honor of opening Thursday's engagement with an attack, by the squadron he commanded, on the galleon *San Luis* which was straightway assisted by Monçada's galleasses. Howard, since the weather held calm, contented himself by using these for target practise and observed with pleasure that one of them "was fain to be carried away upon the careen and another by a shot of the *Ark* lost her lantern which came swimming by and the third his nose." The Spanish claimed, however, that the *San Luis* was rescued, though Howard insisted that, when the wind came, "the galleasses were never seen in the fight any more, so bad was their entertainment in this encounter."

But, with the wind arisen, more serious work was toward. Believing the Wight to be the enemy's objective, the English fleet had worked a little inshore of the Armada, and after the dis-

comfiture of the galleasses, Frobisher engaged its rearguard, and in particular its inshore or left wing. Sidonia's flagship, approaching to cover the galleasses, was once again roughly handled by the English gunners but, supported by rearguard galleons, cut off Frobisher from his consorts and succeeded in so crippling the *Triumph* that once again it narrowly escaped destruction and only its sailing ability saved it. Howard, out-generaled, was unable to assist, his squadron commander, and in as far as this action developed, the Armada was victorious. Drake and Hawkins, however, working as of old in conjunction and sympathy, had recognized that since under the Armada's lee lay the Owers, very dangerous reefs, a vigorous attack on the vanguard, delivered from windward, might pile up the whole of Philip's enterprise on rocks from which none would save them.

Consequently, while Sidonia was beating Frobisher and holding Howard ingloriously checkmate, the two greatest of the English mariners and the two most feared by Spain, had worked their squadrons ahead and to windward of the Armada, and stood prepared, if the Spanish admiral held on for the Wight, to drive him on the rocks. Hold on he did, for five hours, and the famous Plymouth cousins delivered their blow,

but as they sailed in to attack, Sidonia, warned suddenly of the reefs that lay to leeward, went about in the *San Martin* and led away his whole command eastward toward the Channel. Thus it was that Drake and Hawkins were unable to press home, for had they done so with the Armada falling away eastward, they themselves would have fallen to the leeward of the Spanish rearguard and left Sidonia with the wind.

But with Drake and Hawkins lay the credit of having redeemed the failure of the squadrons under Howard and Frobisher, of having nearly destroyed the entire Armada, and of having driven Sidonia off the Isle of Wight to be forced now to attempt to join with Parma at Calais. Drake himself was bitterly disappointed that in the teeth of the Ower rocks did not hang the remnants of the ships of Spain, and so, indeed, was Hawkins. To these men, the greatest seamen of the age, who had devoted their lifetimes to outwitting and outfighting Spain, the success of Sidonia in advancing up Channel in spite of all their efforts was inexplicable. His fleet was somewhat damaged, it is true, but such unwieldy tubs and ineffective guns as he had should days ago have been a fathom deep in sea mud. A certain unwilling admiration for a navy honestly and

with some justice considered contemptible was born in Drake's mind. The Spanish ships were ludicrous, true, but the Spanish men were very gallant fighters. But Sidonia's crews had but little heart for self-congratulation. Drake, like Napoleon, had always set great reliance upon his artillery, and to the Spaniards his artillery had proved beyond all things else destructive. As for the ships Achines had built, they sailed like wraiths upon the sea. Frobisher's last escape had definitely discouraged them. Crippled and beaten, that twice-lucky captain had still managed to outstrip Sidonia's galleons and make good his escape. The men of the Armada, however brave, looked forward with no joy to the last great battle that must now be delivered upon the Narrow Seas.

On Howard's ship, the *Ark Raleigh*, on the eve of the decisive battle of Gravelines, all was merriment and confidence. Thursday's victory was celebrated in the ancient manner by the admiral making his worthiest captains knights, and among those so distinguished were old John Hawkins and Martin Frobisher. While Sidonia worried and tried in vain to reach Parma at Calais, into sight of which both fleets were come on the rainy afternoon of Saturday, the English

were joined by a fleet of five-and-thirty sail under the Lord Henry Seymour, who had been with this squadron blockading Dunkirk. Howard was every hour turning back musketeers and other reinforcements for which he had no need.

With Sidonia's pilots ignorant of the North Sea, with no port into which to sail, with Parma not heard from and the weather turning foul, every advantage lay with the English as on Saturday night the two fleets anchored only a culverin shot apart. Every available ship in the Royal Navy was now brought to bear on the already weakened Armada, and the final action was at hand.

Sunday morning brought Howard's council of war and Sidonia's men, who all night long had beheld to windward of them the glowing eyes of Hawkins's riding light and Drake's ("Achines" and "El Draque," those two terrible names for Spain), looked with dulled, somber eyes upon the jaunty English flagship.

In the afternoon, a tiny pinnace strutted impudently out from the English fleet, darted upon the great *San Martin*, and fired four shots into her and escaped unscratched. A dark beginning, thought the Spanish, and as night shut, the wind strengthened, and the tide

swept like a mill race through their moorings straight from the English fleet, worse followed.

Suddenly, swift and horrible upon that conducting tide, two fire ships swept flaming down upon the Armada, directly toward its center and the galleon of Sidonia. So rapidly did they bowl along, roaring and exploding, that the Spanish admiral had no time to weigh and was forced to cut cables and order his fleet to do likewise. The result was pandemonium, and next morning found the Armada scattered along the coast between Calais and Dunkirk in utter demoralization. Some were far to leeward off Gravelines, and Sidonia, with able judgment, chose to run down to these and form on them in battle order.

As he made to do so, Howard saw that, if he would crush utterly Philip's enterprise, he must do it before that formidable battle order was resumed. But, as it had to Drake in the preceding week, the sight of a lordly galleon lying helpless close under Calais proved too much for his mediæval passion for loot. He diverted the concerted attack on Sidonia's reforming fleet and went about to seize the prize, not joining the general battle until four hours later. Drake and Hawkins, however, drove on, and as the red sun of Monday rose, came up with the *San*

Martin and plunged their bow batteries into its high riddled sides. Hauling to the wind, *Revenge* and *Victory* then loosed their broadsides and passed on, Drake to head off the gathering galleons, Hawkins to return again to pound *Sidonia's* flagship.

The battle now was delivered and became a sort of running fight, with the Spanish attempting to beat out from the treacherous shore and the English attempting to drive them upon the Zeeland banks. Unable to reform in battle order before Drake swooped upon him, *Sidonia* was forced to watch his lumbering but indomitable galleons surrounded and pulled down like deer by the swift-sailing English, who hung like wolves beneath their sides, tearing them to pieces. He contrived at last to gather about him fifty fighting sail, and at ten o'clock lay almost opposite Gravelines, a few safe miles at sea, but here the carnage continued.

The Spanish noblemen who commanded in the butchered galleons fought with a heroism no man among the English had ever seen equaled, notably Don Francisco de Toledo in the Portuguese *San Felipe*, and Don Diego Pimentel in the *San Mateo*. Don Francisco,

his gray head bare, was seen by the Devon seamen shouting upon his deck, sword in one hand, crucifix in the other, and holding his vessel conquered yet unconquerable in the midst of fifteen English ships. On the *San Mateo*, Don Diego Pimentel fought with cannon till he had no more and until his ship was but a sieve, and then he fought with muskets until, feeling his galleon sinking beneath his feet, he sought to grapple with an enemy and die on the clash of steel. So splendid was his heroism that an English captain sprang into the rigging of his ship and sought to save him by offering him quarter. "Soldiers so fine should surrender to the Queen *a buena guerra*," he cried, but the Don, shaking the blood from his eyes, signaled, and the captain fell to the ball of a musketeer. Shouting to the enemy to take him if they dared, the Spaniard fought on in a pale swirl of smoke, uncaptured.

The English did not even board the beaten galleons, so confident were they that in a little time they might return and plunder. Disabling one, they sailed on to the next, and the complete victory was almost theirs when God, whose actions proved sometimes so inexplicable, robbed them of it. A squall blew up that forced them to

look for danger from a different quarter, and when it cleared, the Armada, even the battered galleons that the victors had intended to sack at their leisure, were flying all together to leeward of Dunkirk, hard upon the Zeeland banks.

As Drake and Hawkins drew off, panting with the fierce effort of the battle, and the rest of the English fleet likewise, the very gallant Duke of Medina-Sidonia prepared himself for the end. As night closed in and the wind howled at its grim work of casting him and what remained of the Great Armada upon the banks, one after another of his galleons fell out to run ashore or to founder with all hands. The English on his flank dogged him like ghouls, waiting to pick his bones, and El Draque took his ease, no doubt, until that time should come. It could not be far distant, for his pilots made but six fathom at a sounding. If the wind held on as it was, nothing under heaven could save him or his fleet. But the Duke of Medina-Sidonia was, like all his captains, a very great and very brave gentleman. He refused to escape in a pinnace, and as the English feinted an attack to complete his disaster, confessed with all his officers and prepared to die like a good Christian and subject of Catholic Spain.

And then, in that very minute of resignation,

the inscrutable God of the English, the benignant God of the Spaniards, changed the wind, and as it hauled, what remained of the Armada was saved.

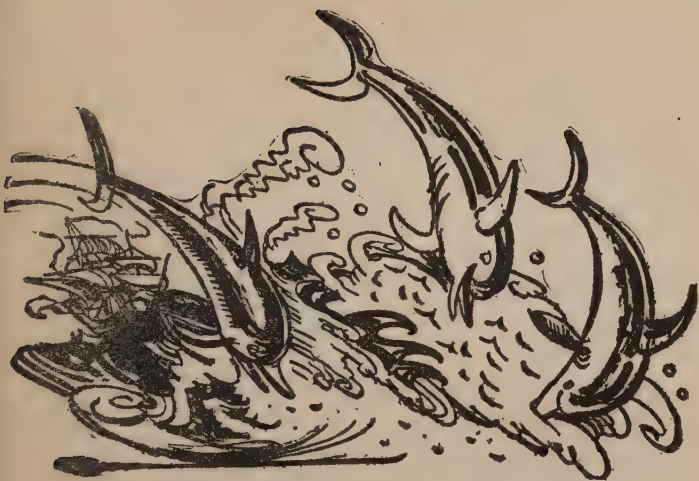
All the next day it flew northward with a southerly wind, and though Drake and his fellow officers were unutterably disappointed, they accepted its escape as the will of the Almighty. Drake, indeed, made the best of it at once, as was his custom. "We have the army of Spain before us and mind with the grace of God to wrestle a pull with him. There was never anything pleased me better than the seeing of the enemy flying with a southerly wind to the northward. God grant you have a good eye to the Duke of Parma; for, with the grace of God, if we live, I doubt not, but ere it be long, so to handle the matter with the Duke of Sidonia as he shall wish himself at Saint Mary Port among his orange trees."

But the matter was not further handled. Gravelines had marked the final conflict and the greatest, for England, as it had the most disastrous for Spain. Lacking provisions and ammunition that the miserly Elizabeth would not furnish, the English fleet turned homeward, but its work was done. It had prevented the Armada from landing either at Plymouth or the Isle of Wight, kept it from joining with

Parma at Calais, crushed it at Gravelines, and sent its remnants flying in disordered panic north and westward to further destruction.

The unhappy Spanish Admiral fought his hard way around Scotland and Ireland, and after months of brutal weather and worse suffering, crept home to Spain with scarce 65 sail of the fleet that had cleared Coruña 130 strong. The west coasts of two countries were dabbled by wrecks and the corpses of the drowned, in Connaught a thousand men who sought safety ashore were massacred, and disaster was every day attendant upon those who stayed afloat. Leyva, the fighting flag officer who was the idol of Spain and Philip, died off the Irish coast; the brave Oquendo and the fierce old Recalde reached home to trespass this life in their beds, crushed by disappointment. Sidonia himself, worthy of anything but abuse, was forced to retire to Saint Mary's Port among his orange trees and sailed but once again. El Draque had done his work well. As a Portuguese prisoner remarked, "it is a common bruit among the soldiers, if they may once get home, they will not meddle again with the English."

THE STROKE FOR LISBON



CHAPTER IX

WITH the Armada beaten and half destroyed and the victory, in England's eyes and Elizabeth's, due almost entirely to Drake, that great admiral was now become the acknowledged leader in the war against Spain. All the responsibilities of this now fell upon his willing shoulders, and having tasted the greatest triumphs and his queen's highest favors, he was about to experience what his enemies were pleased to call defeat and the unmerited anger of the sovereign to whose service he had devoted his life. It was popularly believed that the man who had repeatedly robbed and sacked Spain's strongholds and out-

fought Spain's bravest men was completely unbeatable, and the slightest indication on his part of failure, however small, was never forgiven him by Elizabeth—a sad but true commentary upon the character of that princess. As for his enemies, and these, owing to his dominating personality and savage temper when opposed, were not few and not powerless, they rejoiced when the uncheerful news of the great Lisbon expedition reached England. For the capture of no less a port than Lisbon was Drake's plan for the successful prosecution of the Spanish war. In conjunction with the most famous land captain of his time, Black Sir John Norreys, with whom Drake had served in Ireland in the days when he was Franky Drake the pirate of the Spanish Main, and not Sir Francis Drake, first admiral of the age, he proposed to lead thence the greatest force of ships ever dispatched from English shores and complete the discomfiture of King Philip. This Norreys was in every respect a fellow after his own heart. A lion of a man, hot tempered, incredibly valiant, his face all seamed and disfigured with battle scars, a gentleman born and raised in the tradition of the Crusades, he had done for England's armies almost as much as Drake had accomplished for her navy, and with

him to command on shore, Sir Francis held Lisbon to be doomed.

The expedition, raised by the aid of a public company of which Elizabeth was chief shareholder, numbered, when made ready, no less than 130 ships besides pinnaces and 20,000 men, and was prepared for the sea within a few months of the battle of Gravelines. What had taken Spain five years to accomplish, England did in eight months, and of the two Armadas hers was incomparably the better.

The soldiers under Norreys were admirably organized into fourteen regiments and were the first English ever to see service on a regimental system. Drake divided the vast naval armament into five squadrons led by himself in the veteran *Revenge* as admiral, Black John in the *Nonpareil*, the able and experienced Fenner in the *Dreadnought*, Sir Roger Williams, a Welsh officer of scarce less eminence than Norreys, in the *Swiftsure*, and Sir Edward Norreys, Sir John's fire-eating cadet, in the *Foresight*. William Fenner, Rear-Admiral of the Fleet, sailed in the *Aid* without a squadron, and Don Antonio, the deposed King of Portugal whom Drake planned to restore to his throne, was likewise without a command.

Drake's orders from Elizabeth conflicted as

usual with what he knew to be the wisest plan of campaign. He was instructed at length to harry Spain's shipping in Guipuzcoa, Biscay, Galicia, and Lisbon; to ascertain whether or not the Portuguese wished Don Antonio restored to them; if so, to restore him if the Spanish were not too strong; when this was done, to fortify the Spanish frontier and secure from Don Antonio the costs of the expedition (never Shylock watched his gold as Gloriana hers); to reconquer the Azores and to make of one of these islands an English naval base; to take the greatest care of the men and to seize all contraband of war and victuals assigned to Spanish ports; and not to forget the following: "before you shall attempt either Portugal or the Azores, our express pleasure and commandment is that you distress the ships of war in Guipuzcoa, Biscay, and Galicia, that they may not impeach you in such enterprise as you are to execute upon the King of Spain's dominions, and so that they may do us no harm in your absence."

To Drake, reading and rereading these orders in the cabin of the *Revenge*, here was the joker in the pack. A year ago, such a raid upon the Spanish shipping might have been necessary, but now, with the Armada dispersed, there was no such

need. Elizabeth's was a marvelous ignorance of the condition of affairs not only before but after her captain's victory at Gravelines. Apparently, she believed Philip's contention that he and not she had won that day, even in spite of Drake's own notable report of the truth entitled, "A pack of Spanish Lies sent abroad into the world, translated out of the original, and now ripped up, unfolded, and by just examination condemned, as containing false, corrupt, and detestable wares, worthy to be damned and burnt." To Drake as well as to Norreys, the one a sea-fighter of genius, the other an army officer of the first distinction, it was obvious that to render the expedition effective they must drive directly at Lisbon and capture that key-port before Philip might direct his lethargic energies toward defending it. To waste time crippling what was already hopelessly crippled, were folly of the purest sort. Nevertheless, Drake, to his eventual sorrow, suffered himself to be commanded against his better judgment. He was three-and-forty now, a personage of immense national consequence, and the thought hampered his customary carelessness for official orders that disliked him.

The sailing of the enterprise was inauspicious in other ways. The young Earl of Essex, son to

the great lord under whom both Drake and Norreys had served in Ireland in 1575, chose to run away and fight with the two most illustrious warriors of the age, and though Elizabeth, for all the world like a mother pursuing her only and much-spoiled child, sent after him to fetch him back to her side, he joined Sir Roger Williams and made good his escape. Then the winds proved foul and would not allow Drake and Norreys to fetch Santander, the first port to be swept of its shipping. Consequently, Coruña must serve and did serve when, on April 24, 1589, the huge fleet gathered like autumn leaves outside its bay.

Like Cadiz of splendid memory, Coruña, capital of Galicia, is built upon what would be, save for a low neck of land connecting it with the mainland, a steep and precipitous island of rock. There were two towns, the high town situated upon a promontory of the rock itself, and the base town upon the connecting neck of land and composing the commercial quarter of the city. Off the high town in the bay was the stout castle of San Antonio, and both towns were equally well defended by battlements and trenches, the one along the base of the promontory upon which

it stood, the other across the shore end of the isthmus.

When Drake and Norreys appeared, the bay itself contained several armed vessels and two galleys, but Drake characteristically disregarded them as a danger. According to his usual practise, he attacked at once, sending forward an advance guard in the pinnaces to seize a landing place in the easterly part of the bay, where pleasant villas and small buildings of one sort and another presented cover from gunfire. This advance guard drove in a few skirmishes, were joined by Norreys with reinforcements, and by nightfall held everything and everyone not safe within the walls of the base town.

That night and next morning, the enemy vessels in the harbor bombarded Black John with some little effect, so that he was sufficiently irritated to send for artillery with which he completely silenced them in an hour or two.

The plan of attack was now developed, and since it was Drake's, proved to be similar to the one he had so successfully used at Cartagena three years before. A boat attack was to support two land attacks at separate points on

the isthmus walls of the base town, and the entire action was in the hands of Drake's own hand-picked veterans of the San Domingo-Cartagena campaign: Sampson, who had led the pikes for Carleill at the seizure of the latter town, and Thomas Fenner who had seconded Frobisher in his simultaneous feint on its harbor. At dark on the second day, 1,200 troops were disembarked, Sampson led 500 men toward one point in the isthmus walls, Colonels Umpton and Brett advanced upon another closer to the harbor itself, and Fenner prepared to deliver the attack in the boats. At midnight, two guns ashore were fired to give the signal, and the battle broke.

Fenner, in the boats, coming on in a red cocoon of gunfire, affected a landing without difficulty and made such a tumult doing so that Umpton and Brett scaled the harbor walls of the town almost without interference. Sampson, however, unable to wade around the isthmus walls on to dry land, was forced to perform an escalade in the face of harquebuses discharged at point-blank range, and in spite of the hungry sea which chuckled at his back in depth enough to drown his whole command. Thrice repulsed and severely handled, he crested the walls only on his fourth attack, to find below him the identical

scene that had met Drake's eyes years ago at Nombre de Dios. Up and down the narrow streets of the base town moved flambeaux to the alarms of drums and trumpets, and for all Sampson knew, save for himself and his men, no other English had scaled the walls.

Suddenly, however, Fenner, Umpton, and Brett came thundering up from the harbor and, with Sampson aiding, fell upon the garrison, all of which departed without further argument out of the base town and into the high town. Thus was the base town taken, and since Drake and Norreys at headquarters had for the remainder of the night no orders to issue, the rank and file of the English issued out into the neighborhood to seek amusement and reward. They found both almost at once in a storehouse filled with wine kegs, and at dawn not a soldier but was filled to overflowing and a wine keg but what was as empty as a new moon. Dawn, in fact, might have seen the Spaniards completely victorious had they made an attempt to win back what they had lost, but they were a sober people and never dreamt that the men who had so soundly beaten them now lay dead to the world or in the anguish of aching heads.

Drake, landing, was furious, but, since no harm had been done, was content to lecture his officers. Then, with Norreys joyfully preparing to breach the walls of the high town, he sent forward a flag of truce convoyed by a small drummer boy and his drum, to demand a formal surrender. Approaching the walls, however, a shot was fired, and the drummer boy, between a thumping stroke and a roll, rolled himself, poor lad, dead upon his face.

The flag of truce returned hastily, and even before it had come back to Drake, a body was kicking and writhing at the end of a rope thrown from the high town's walls. Such a piece of treachery might be perpetrated with impunity upon some enemy officers but not upon El Draque. The Spanish commanders within the high town pointed out that he who now strangled to death where all could see was the murderer of El Draque's drummer and made profuse apologies for his deed, that of an ignorant misborn cross between a Portuguese trull and a Holland dike-mender, they pointed out, ignorant both of the usages of war as waged between gentlemen and of the great and abiding fame of the first captain of his age, Don Francisco, the Dragon.

Thus tactfully forestalled, Sir Francis made no further reprisal, but since the high town refused to surrender, Black John proceeded to mine one tower of the walls, and after five days of intensive bombardment, a breach was effected next to it in the walls themselves. Drake, with the pinnace flotilla, feinted at the island castle of San Antonio, and the mine was exploded with splendid effect. The tower rose a little upon its foundations, the solid masonry of its construction seemed to flutter and puff out like the feathers upon a cock partridge, and then it came roaring down demolished, leaving a noble gap through which Norreys might lead his swords. He led them at a charge, shouting, "God and Saint George!" but as he made to scale what remained of the tower, this, too, collapsed in an avalanche of stones. Indomitable as Mars, Black John dodged flying granite and mounted upon ruins to come to push of pike, but as he did so, the ruins also shifted and fell down so that there was nothing to do but retire, defeated by his own work of destruction.

Norreys, Drake agreeing, planned to return on the morrow, but that evening came the intelligence that at the river Mero which bars landward approach to Coruña, save at the village

of El Burgo, where the Bretanzos road crosses it upon a long and narrow bridge of stone, were gathered 8,000 Spanish ready to drive the enterprise into the sea. At the news, Black John's steely eyes became riotous with pleasure. "What a murrain," he observed to Drake, "do they make to do an we choose not to go a-swimming. Stay ye here with five regiments to make safe the siege works and I with 7,000 pikes and muskets and my brother Ned will even hatch them their project before it be ever ripe for delivery."

Next morning early he set about it. Led by the "Chickens of Mars" as the Norreys brothers were called, 7,000 English marched on El Burgo and found a strongly intrenched enemy beyond the Mero and the stone bridge that spanned it commanded by artillery and men-at-arms. Sir John, nonchalant and cheerful in plain doublet and hose, yielded to his younger brother's prayers that he might sweep the passage, and stood watching appreciatively as Sir Edward Norreys sprinted across the bridge so narrow that only three men might walk abreast upon it, straight upon the shouting guns. Reaching the barricade at the farther end, he hurdled this and drove home his pike upon the enemy commander.

But he overreached in his stroke and was slashed upon the head as Colonel Sidney, upon his heels, ran his assailant through the body. The fight grew hotter and hotter, and Black John, leaning against the culvert at the uncontested end, more and more interested. Finally, he ceased to bite a calloused finger and to lounge. "'S blood! here be a venture, however small, that promiseth stoutly. Give here, fellow, a pike." Without waiting to don harness of any sort, in doublet, hose, and easy slippers, he plunged across the bridge in his brother's wake and fell on so savagely and with such mad gallantry that the enemy gave way and their camp was carried. In the evening, the "Chickens of Mars" returned to Drake bearing the Spanish Royal Standard, having routed the 8,000 enemy and wasted the country for some miles around. Such was Black John Norreys and such his method of war.

Drake now decided to quit Coruña. He had accomplished his orders to the letter, and there remained no profit in further forays, since Lisbon was the port he yearned to capture, and compared to it all other strongholds upon the coast were of negligible importance. The base town was consequently given over to the flames and

the soldiers reëmbarked without casualty, the fleet sailing out augmented now by prizes to the number of 150 sail.

Santander was decided against as the next objective since Norreys deemed it impossible to take without heavy artillery, and to Drake's fervent joy, all gave their vote for Lisbon. Fifty miles from the famous Portuguese capital, under Cape Carvoeira, by the town and road of Peniche, it was decided to land the soldiers, and in the teeth of what promised to be a formidable defense, the landing was made.

The young cockerel Essex, who with Sir Roger Williams had by now rejoined the fleet, begged to be allowed to lead the assault and, anxious to show Drake and Norreys that, if inexperienced, he was as brave as they, leapt into the spouting surf and charged the Spanish beach defenses. Following, Sir Roger Williams with a small force of pikes did not even wait for reinforcements but ran roaring like a lion straight into the town of Peniche and forced twice his number of enemy soldiery to evacuate in a panic. Thus Norreys was enabled to land his men and prepare for the land attack on Lisbon, but Drake, on the *Revenge*, was all at once worried and skeptical. His genius for

amphibious warfare told him that Peniche was too far from Lisbon for the army and the fleet to remain in contact and that Cascaes on the Tagus, at Lisbon's threshold, was the proper spot for disembarkation and concentration.

St. Julian's Castle, the key of Lisbon's defenses, where the Marquis of Santa Cruz of illustrious memory had lain and refused to be tempted to destruction at Drake's hands in '87, was the place to seize first, and with Norreys straggling along fifty miles of road between Peniche and Lisbon, how was Drake to maintain his liaison?

Nevertheless, Norreys would land at Don Antonio's representation that the Portuguese would flock to the banner of their rightful king once it was uplifted upon their soil. So the army marched away southward to the Tagus, and Drake sailed away southward to the same destination, promising to meet Black John at Cascaes. But he remained worried and no less skeptical. He fetched and took Cascaes without a blow on June 22, 1589, a year to a day after the initial sailing from Lisbon of the Invincible Armada, but in spite of this happy augury, he could do nothing to force Lisbon until he had got into touch with Norreys, and that captain remained somewhere on the

Peniche-Lisbon road, quite unheard from. Black John, in fact, though his march was quite uncontested, was desperately disappointed in the whole business, for not a man of Don Antonio's loyal subjects joined his colors. Since a rising of the Portuguese was the whole point of the fifty-mile journey through Don Antonio's country, this journey remained a complete failure.

Shamed into an agony of embarrassment, the poor deposed monarch swore that his people would come in at Lisbon, but when Norreys reached Lisbon and invested its suburbs, still not a Portuguese would rise up for his king. Black John and his captains, loath to torture further the disillusioned man, were loath also to hazard the lives of their men in what must surely be a costly siege, and especially since Drake, westward at Cascaes, might not be reached. There was nothing to do but to reëmbark. To his sorrow, Norreys informed Don Antonio that Lisbon might not further be attacked and retreated forthwith upon Cascaes in the very hour when Drake, weary of inaction, was about to sail in with the fleet alone, past St. Julian's ready batteries.

When the two forces met, both commanders agreed that the stroke at Lisbon had failed. The soldiers were in the process of being re-

embarked to carry out the last design of the expedition, the conquest of the Azores, when one last chance for glory offered itself. A captured friar averred that the enemy had made a sortie from Lisbon and that they now lay before St. Julian's, boasting that they had shuttled the English away into the sea. This intelligence so enraged yet cheered Norreys that he picked the friar, a big man, up in his arms as though he were a baby and was like to crush his ribs. "Nay, Franky, we shall have at them yet. What! we shall strike mighty blows and come by some knightly profit after all. Hold ye fast, old friend, whilst I write me my cartel."

Off went this magnificent survival of the days of jousts and tourneys to draw up a challenge to single combat which was duly dispatched to the Spanish commander. Young my lord Essex, panting with admiration, sent another inviting the best man among the enemy to meet him with any weapons that he might choose, and both champions rode away toward the fighting ground stipulated, full of hope and lust for combat. Drake watched them with amusement and showed no surprise when back they rode again, their men-at-arms following, having found no enemy to contend with.

Black John Norreys who in his time had clearly demonstrated to that great captain, Parma himself, that the Spanish infantry was not the best in Europe, was a man that no sane Spaniard cared to meet on any terms, and Essex, while unknown, must certainly be a man of featly accomplishment if Norreys suffered his companionship.

So the reëmbarkation of the army continued without further excitement, and just as the fleet was ready to make sail for the Azores, Essex, poor lad, was finally caught by his solicitous and anxious mistress. A letter came from Elizabeth demanding that the tempestuous young earl be instantly returned to her and was couched in no uncertain terms. "If you do not [send him back] ye shall look to answer for the same at your smart; for these be no childish actions." So Essex was sent back in the *Swiftsure*, sulky as a birched scholar.

Drake and Norreys then prepared for the westward cruise by seizing a large Hanseatic fleet laden with foodstuffs and by beating off an attack by galleys delivered at a time when a calm had prevented a proper disposition of the squadrons. Four sail were lost in this engagement, and Drake's enemies blamed him for the

whole, though how the vessels might have been saved was never explained since the oared galleys fell upon them as they lay some distance from the body of the fleet, and this, for the calm, was unable to come up in time.

But Sir Francis was profoundly grieved. To Norreys he pressed the matter of the Azores. "Why, look ye, John," he said, "after such a mort of unchancy beginnings and accursed ends, we must fare westward without further parleyings in search of some comfortable little dew of heaven."

Norreys was more than willing, but the wind was not. It continued southerly, so until it should veer and blow out of the northeast, the fleet was ordered to make for the Bayona Islands off Vigo Bay. Plying thence, misfortune now dogged and finally overtook the great expedition that had promised so bravely. The squadrons became separated in a gale, disease smote the crews, time was lost, and confidence, and though Drake reached Vigo, and, with Sir Roger Williams, took and burnt it, there remained not enough of the shattered armada to attempt the Azores. Clearing Vigo, in a last effort westward, yet another gale arose that kept the Norreys brothers fast at Bayona,

sank two sail, and drove such a leak in the *Revenge* that Drake was forced to make for Plymouth, which he reached upon a vessel actually foundering.

The analogy constituted by the fate of the Spanish Armada and the English is too close to be missed. Stronger than Philip's, Elizabeth's had achieved hardly more than his, and her failure, or as she believed, Drake's failure, was no less complete save as regards the work at Coruña. Of the 20,000 soldiers who sailed only 6,000 returned, and of vessels, not more than 110 sail of the 140 that had set out. To pursue the analogy further, Elizabeth's flawed and deplorable plan of campaign had undone Drake as Philip's had ruined Sidonia. In the former case, Coruña and the destruction of Spanish shipping proved no less hopeless an undertaking in so far as Lisbon's capture was concerned as had, in the latter, the mad idea of Sidonia's joining hands with Parma either at the Isle of Wight or Calais for the capture of England. But Elizabeth, of course, could not see things in such a light. Drake the invincible had failed, Drake must be punished, disgraced, discharged. Both he and Black John were actually court martialed, though of course cleared of the charge of disobedience to

orders, but had they been proved guilty, the result could not have been much different.

In disgrace at court, no longer the most powerful man in the kingdom, Sir Francis withdrew to the one town that never did else but swear by him, and in Plymouth remained with his beautiful wife while misfortune profited by his retirement to assail the sea dominion that he had devoted his life to achieving for England.

Discouragement and weariness came suddenly upon the spirits of the great men who a bare year before had swept the seas of Spanish power. The magnificent Leicester, always a stout friend to Drake both when the latter was plain Franky and when he had become Sir Francis, died, and Walsingham soon afterward. Hatton was no longer privy to the Queen's favor, Burleigh was in his dotage, the old true, far-sighted statesmen were all gone. John Hawkins, though only seven-and-fifty, was tired out and feeling very old. "God," he wrote, "will deliver me of it [his work] ere long, for there is no other hell." The incomparable day of Drake's triumph was over, and the man was still young, in his prime, a sturdy, iron-sinewed four-and-forty.

For six years he stayed at home in Plymouth, very rich, very comfortable, very much beloved,

relied on and revered by the plain folk in all England as their true savior in case an enemy sail ever again came in sight of England's shores. For these staunch people Drake was become a hero of legendary proportions, someone they might always confidently look to in time of trouble, as a frightened child might look to its mother or its father. For them Drake could never die. For them he is living still, awaiting the hour when his England and its people have need of him.

But during those six years Spain had her revenge upon his great contemporaries. Frobisher was slain at the head of his sailors as he charged with his usual splendid courage upon the walls of Brest. Mad Dick Grenville fought his immortal battle against fearful odds in Drake's own *Revenge*, to pass in the thronged cabin of a Spanish galleon surrounded by Castilian gentlemen who uncovered in reverence to the singular bright flame of his bravery, as he died with defiance still loud upon his lips.

When, in 1596, Drake came once more before his queen to implore her to allow him to complete the sack of the Spanish Main, begun eleven years before, Elizabeth, old herself and weary, had none left to rely on save himself,

her greatest, and his kinsman, John Hawkins. So at the end these two were to sail once again westward upon the gold path of a setting sun, together for the first time in eight-and-twenty years, the first time since the day at San Juan de Ulua in Spanish Mexico. Had both been younger, the one less famous, the other less confident of his experienced skill, the divided command might perhaps have proved effective, but Drake was not Franky Drake of the *Judith*, and Hawkins had grown dogmatic with the years.

From the first, it was the magic of the younger man's name that swept England into a roar of enthusiasm and Spain headlong into terror. In January, 1596, so many recruits had flocked beneath Drake's banner that he was turning them away, and in King Philip's domain 9,000 soldiers deserted, and Lisbon in one week was emptied of its inhabitants. El Draque was coming once again to rend them, and no Spanish landsman wished to be near the sea.

But the spirit of Spain's navy was different. In Drake's absence, it had well profited by the lesson he had taught it, and its fleets in home waters or in the Indies were now equal to England's. That such a thing was possible,

Drake himself could not believe, and the realization, when it came, was a bitter one and came in a bitter time. When the expedition stood ready to sail, Elizabeth, true to form, commenced her maddening and insensate pastime of issuing orders full of folly to the two greatest mariners of their time. Drake's plan to swoop straight upon Panama would never do. A handful of Spanish had landed at Mousehole in Cornwall and frightened the people for a few days, therefore Drake and Hawkins must cast into St. George's Channel and round the south coast of Ireland to look for the threatened Spanish expedition. After that, they must glance at Spain and cruise about for the treasure flotas before ever crossing the Atlantic.

In Plymouth, the two admirals were already at odds with each other, in spite of their lifelong friendship, but these commandments served for a time to reunite them. "God be my shield forever," groaned old Sir John, "these cometh but to kill me quite. Nay, Frank, as I told thee, matters will on as they did in '88. Delay, delay and folly and yet more delay."

Drake smote the table on which lay the charts of their studying. "I mark my Lord Howard's touch herein. He hath been jealous of me since

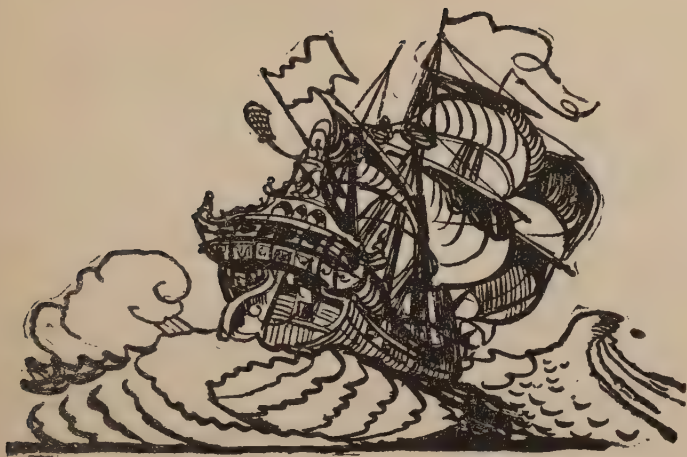
it fell to me to attempt Lisbon with Sir John Norreys, instead of to him. But rest ye well, we will stand hardily, this time at least, for wisdom."

But though both remonstrated, the ageing Gloriana, nervous and grown timid, insisted that they look well to see if Spain was not launching another Armada against her. At her stubborn refusal to sanction the dash for Panama, Drake was aghast and Hawkins gloomily resigned. "As I said, Frank, nothing cometh but folly and delay." But his cousin refused to be coerced. He replied to the Queen that such a cruising expedition would slaughter his men by disease and that these would desert in a mass. Very well, returned Elizabeth, if the expedition was not guaranteed return by May of the following year, it would never sail at all. To this no answer whatever came from Plymouth save that as to their return, that should be as God willed.

Elizabeth, at this characteristic observation, exploded like a bomb. She was still raging when to Drake and Hawkins came the news that one of the almirantas of last year's flota had been forced by gales into Puerto Rico harbor and that it still lay there scarce better than a wreck. Such news was enough for Drake.

He was off on his ancient quest again like a dog upon a hot scent, the selfsame quest that had inspired his youth, and at all costs he must have his sailing orders. He returned, therefore, a very soft answer to his sovereign's latest tantrum, his orders came to him, and on August 28, 1596, he weighed anchor and made sail. He flew his flag upon the *Reliance*, sister ship to the immortal *Revenge*, Hawkins his upon the *Garland*, and both men, all unknowing, looked their last upon their cherished England as their ships heeled over on the first tack of the familiar course.

THE QUEST AGAIN AND HOW IT
ENDED



CHAPTER X

FOR a time, foaming toward St. Vincent, it seemed to Drake like the brave old days again, and in his heart he himself sheltered no doubts of his success. Save for Lisbon, he could look back upon nothing but triumphs, and though now fifty years old, his confidence in himself was as firm an inspiration as ever. But to some others sailing with him, this last gallant venture was one fraught with hazards. If it failed, if it returned without gold to enrich Elizabeth, Drake was a spent man. And it might well fail, for Hawkins and Drake, dividing, as they did, its command, agreed now on nothing and in anger

spoke words to each other that neither could forget.

Then, also, Spain's reorganized fleets and repaired strongholds were now more powerful than ever they had been before, and Drake could never believe that such a thing could be. With himself to command upon the sea, and with Sir Thômas Baskerville, a better soldier than ever was Carleill, to lead the landing parties, it was an incredible thing that he should not surpass his great deeds of '85. He would pursue his quest again, and with results more splendid than ever before.

But, from the first, things went badly and with ever-increasing friction. Hawkins was ill and crabbèd, and at the last council held before coming about for the western course, fought Drake's customary plan for the opening of his campaigns, an attack on the Canaries. Hard words passed between the two admirals, and their lifelong friendship seemed to go for naught. Both were nervous, and it was a pitiful thing to see them so furiously at odds, old friends become enemies at the end of the road that had proved so strenuous and yet so glorious for both.

Finally, Drake swore that he would lead his squadron to the Canaries in spite of all, and

Hawkins might sail on for Puerto Rico. Wearily, for he was already becoming a very sick man, Hawkins then consented to the plan, and the fleet fetched Las Palmas. In his old dashing fashion, Drake made a landing but found to his surprise that, during his six years of retirement, Spain's colonial defenses had been very much improved. Though Baskerville swore to take the place in four days, so much time might not be spared, and when a small party of his soldiers wandered inland and were cut down to a man, Drake would not even stay to wreak reprisals. He made away for Dominica and his officers looked at one another with somber surprise. This was a different Drake, surely, than the Homeric hero of their recollections.

At Guadaloupe, putting in for water, worse befell. Two small vessels, the *Delight* and the *Francis*, lagging behind the rest, were taken in chase by five of Philip's newest treasure frigates. The *Francis*, an ill omen this indeed, was captured and sunk, and the Spaniards, pursuing the *Delight* into Guadaloupe, beheld the whole fleet at anchor. In an instant, the frigates went about, as it were on their heels, and fled like blown spray to warn the Spanish Main. The news was out, and Drake, seeking to

follow on their wakes, was delayed four days by his ailing kinsman's cautious and maddening protests against intemperate swiftness of action.

In the end, when it was too late, he had his way, and on November 12th, the Spanish defenders of Puerto Rico beheld *El Draque* come up against them. But they had employed their time to good purpose. Their harbor's mouth had been blocked by the gutted and sunken almiranta that had lain there, and the approach to shore was strongly fortified by forts built in the year of Drake's retirement, the Rock battery and the Morro. The battery of St. Helena commanded the town landing place and, to the east of the town, threatened the forts called Morillo and Cabrón. The Boqueron fort held the shore end of the isthmus that joined the promontory upon which the town was built to the mainland, and since this isthmus runs east and west, it was the Boqueron that first sighted Drake's pilot boats as they nosed along the coast from the east. The fort engaged its artillery at once, and the pilot boats broke out colored flags and stood away back to the fleet that approached on even keels at the impulse of a warm, light wind. Drake came in as though he had been a guest at a banquet until opposite the Cabrón, and there,

in a storm of shot, anchored and sat down to meat.

As the wine was poured, he put his arm about the neck of a dear friend of his, Brute Brown, the only friend that he had ever cherished save Thomas Doughty, and was about to speak when one came from Hawkins's flagship the *Garland*. Drake went apart with him and listened, his head bent a little.

When the fellow was done, the only remaining admiral of that enterprise lifted a hand. "Repeat the latter end."

The man gulped. "And so, saying that the perverse and cross dealings of some in that journey, who preferring their own fancy before his skill would never yield to him, had broken his heart, the good knight passed."

Without a word, Drake came again to table. John Hawkins, once his master, always his friend, had died as the fleet had come to anchor, died before the last wretched misunderstanding that had come between them might be cleared away.

As he sat again by his comrade, refusing to show his sorrow, the great cabin was suddenly filled with an intolerable noise and the stench of gunpowder. Overhead, the deck seemed to

be splitting up in burning fragments, and a patch of blue sky met the captains' shocked eyes. A shot from the *Cabrón* had smitten the mizzen of the *Reliance*, and another, following, had plunged through oak and iron into Drake's cabin. Brute Brown, sighing, turned toward Drake a pale, astonished smile and crumpled at his feet. Drake's own seat fell into kindling wood as he leapt up and looked upon his dying friend. "Ah, dear Brute, I could grieve for thee, but now is no time for me to let down my spirits."

Ordering the fleet to weigh and move out of range, he was anew filled with that indomitable confidence with which he had always met misfortune upon misfortune. The spirit of his glorious youth increased upon him, and he showed his discouraged officers the quality of his resource by warping the fleet in among two islands that formed a channel with the mainland, out of range of the forts. From here he could see the treasure frigates lying under the Morro and the Saint Helena batteries, ready, if worst came to worst, to slip out to sea with the sunken almiranta's gold.

Since his quest was for gold alone, Drake determined to destroy these transports before

proceeding farther. At ten o'clock in the night of November 13th, the Spaniards on the frigates and in the protecting forts caught the creak of timber and the subdued slatting of shifted sails. Opening blindly with artillery into the darkness, they saw, by the leaping flame of their own cannon, the English in pinnaces close upon them. Shouting, Drake's men swept in to hurl fireballs upon the frigates, and in the ghastly brilliance of these, to fight with the Spanish hand to hand among the flames. But the fireballs undid those who hurled them, for by their light the fort gunners might see their marks, and in a little time Drake called off his soldiers lest more be sacrificed.

It was a heavy blow to all upon the English fleet but the admiral. To him, a repulse was but an incentive to victory, and next morning the commander of Puerto Rico was anguished to behold him leading his vessels toward the blocked harbor mouth.

Don Pedro Tello, general of the frigates and the ranking officer defending the town, called a council of war without further delay. The harbor mouth, he pointed out, was blocked so thoroughly save for a very narrow passage that no admiral in the world would dare to

sail in with a fleet. But El Draque was more than an admiral. He was the most renowned sea-fighter in history and, as Spain knew to her cost, capable of doing impossible things. Therefore, he must have two merchantmen sacrificed to block the remaining inlet, and, if necessary, two of his own new, splendid frigates. There was little demur. As Drake led in the *Reliance* on toward the harbor, the merchantmen were ruthlessly scuttled and finally the frigates. So El Draque was stopped, since he had not wings wherewith to fly, and Puerto Rico was saved.

As Drake at last gave up the attempt and put about for the Spanish Main, the Puerto Ricans went in a body to church for thanksgiving for their escape. It was almost impossible for them to believe their good fortune. The Dragon, the fabled ravisher of San Domingo and Cartagena, had been held at bay.

Drake could himself scarce believe that he had failed, and he felt for the first time in his career a weight of depression fall upon his mind. Plying for the scenes of his first triumphs, Nombre de Dios, the river Chagres, and the Panama highway, he sat long in his cabin pondering hopelessly on what had befallen him. It could not be that he was growing old. Folly, he

was but fifty, and at fifty, Hawkins, God rest him, had had the Armada's adventure still before him. What he needed was the tonic of victory, and that he would shortly get him, aye, and at the place where first he had met with violence at the hands of Spain. Rio de la Hacha drew him as a magnet draws steel. The very name brought the thronging memories of his valiant youth singing into his tiring consciousness. There remained still a small grudge unpaid at Rio de la Hacha, and this, some sixth sense warned him, was to be his last chance to settle all accounts.

On December 18th he stormed into the familiar harbor, landed with Baskerville and the troops, and took the town. Runaway slaves discovered to him the hiding places of some treasure, and with this and the produce of the pearl fisheries, he seized enough to encourage his men. Then he burnt the place save only the church and the house of a lady who had written to him for mercy, and proceeded to San Marta. This, too, he burnt, after finding no treasure, for the cry was now out against him the length and breadth of the coast. He saw that, if he would sack Panama, he had no time to lose, and within the following week was off Nombre de Dios town. He found in it no resistance, for the mention of his name had

been sufficient to drive its inhabitants headlong into safety elsewhere. Baskerville was landed, and with 750 picked men marched out upon that highway, whereon the treasure recuas were wont to pass, southward upon Panama. Drake, with no idea that he might fail, then made ready to work the fleet nearer to the Chagres and the new year-old port of Puerto Bello, so as to stand prepared when the plunder came down from the Golden City, and for two days burnt Nombre de Dios piecemeal and the shipping in its harbor.

And then, just as he took the deck to direct the fleet to the Chagres, a spent and gasping messenger stood before him, babbling some sinister nonsense of how the Spanish and wet weather had beaten Baskerville, and how that officer was now retreating speedily upon his base.

After a time, when this news finally came home to him, one who stood at his side observed that "he never carried mirth nor joy in his face" again. At bitter last, he knew that his star was set, and that, too, at Nombre de Dios, where he had laid the foundation stone of his vast, shining fame.

When Baskerville came in, his force decimated, forlorn, and discouraged, England's great admiral was an old man, without praise or blame for him who had failed. He called a council of war in the

repaired cabin of the *Reliance* to consider what next to do, and Baskerville's heart ached to see the weariness upon his face and to hear the perfunctory phrases of hope that from habit fell from his lips. Looking from face to face with blue eyes a little faded and no longer flashing like naked steel, he unrolled a map and showed his captains Truxillo, the famous rich port of Honduras, and the gold-filled towns that lay clustered round the lake of Nicaragua. "There, my masters, there, Tom, lie two noble prizes. Which of them choose ye to have?" To cheer him, Baskerville cried gayly, "Both, an it please ye, Sir Francis, one after the other."

For a minute, Drake seemed fired anew by his general's confidence, but within himself he knew both projects to be mad, and was glad that it was so. If he could not succeed in his quest, he would die in the attempt and never return empty-handed to England and Elizabeth.

The fleet weighed and laid a course for Honduras, but adverse winds forced it in to lie in the lee of the island called formally Escudo de Veragua, and informally the plague spot of the Indies. Here, but thirty leagues west of Puerto Bello and Nombre de Dios, the enter-

prise rested, and resting, came finally to grief. The old evil came down upon it, and every day men sickened and every night they died while cruel gales held the fleet helpless beneath skies that never seemed any more to be blue.

Fighting to the end, Drake kept all sound hands at work cleaning the foul ships, and waited in vain for a favorable wind. He strove valiantly to seem confident, but to Baskerville he made no pretense of hope. "Tom," he would say, "ye cannot realize, as can I, how terribly hath these Indies changed. In my youth, Tom, there was ever a fair wind blowing sweet from a clear sky, and a rich prize upon which to employ it. The trees were always green, nay, these whole islands made one delicious and pleasant harbor, with gold to be had for the commanding, and all manner of precious stones. And now behold these waters and these same islands. All hath become a vast and desert wilderness, bare seas and stormy, and pestilence and defeat that doth everywhere encompass us about. Yet it matters not, man. God hath many things in store for us, and I know many means to do Her Majesty good service and to make us rich, for we must have gold before we see England."

Thus always did he end. Gold and yet more

gold for his tight-fisted Queen, whose gratitude to the great men who served her proved too often to be a betrayal and a forgetting. The Quest, always the Quest, kept him alive day after day, while his men fell down at their work and where they fell cried out that they be allowed to lie and shudder their lives away.

After a week had passed, dysentery crept like a thief aboard the *Reliance* and smote down its officers and, in the end, Drake himself. Yet another three days, and, from his berth from which he might no longer arise, he ordered that the fleet up anchor and clear that island of disease to take the wind as God sent it. Provisions were very low, the crews, those men who still lived, scarce able to stand, and to everyone, including now the stricken admiral, the Quest was come to a sad and barren end.

On January 27, 1597, in the night, those who watched beyond the great cabin's door heard the sick man within arise and dress himself and fall suddenly to crying out that traitors had undone him to the glory of Spain. Delirious and dying, he charged Tom Doughty with his treachery, haled on his maroons upon the sentries of Venta Cruz, fought over again San Domingo and Carta-

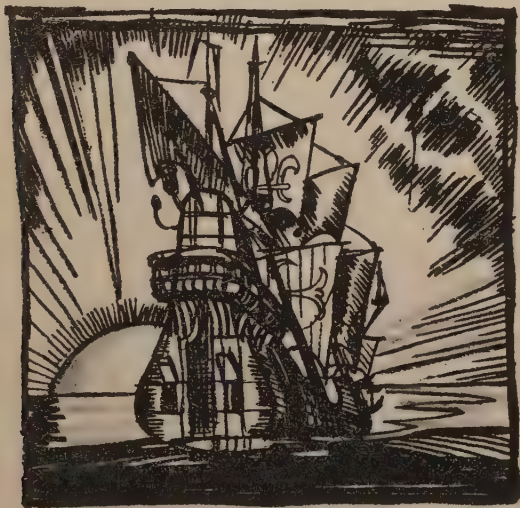
gena, Cadiz Bay and Cape Saint Vincent. The glories of his life sped through his fevered mind, unfolded as upon a ribbon, and Baskerville without the door wept bitterly to hear. Anon the doomed man spoke tenderly to his first wife, and sang a stave of song, then called in a high voice the orders that had directed the *Revenge* upon the day of Gravelines. For an hour, the delirium wrought in him, and his words were pitiful and wild. But, at the last, he got back into his bed again, and his captains entered and knelt about him as he sank and died.

Dawn found the fleet at anchor in the fine harbor of Puerto Bello in Nombre de Dios Bay. Baskerville and the remnants of the troops landed and seized the town, and next day he and others of the men who had followed Drake, as Drake himself had always said with pride, "for friendship's sake and the renown of his name," bore their admiral's body in a leaden coffin to its burial.

Three leagues at sea, to the waters that once had owned no master but himself, his men consigned him, and as the ripples spread and faded, the trumpets rose above the sound of weeping and lament. The sea had received its own again, and to mark the place where the

Dragon had passed home, two of his own vessels and his last taken prizes were sunk above the spot.

On shore, as the masts disappeared, Puerto Bello was given to the flames, and as these destroyed Spain's latest port, Drake slept, cradled by the eternal tides among the weapons of his glory.

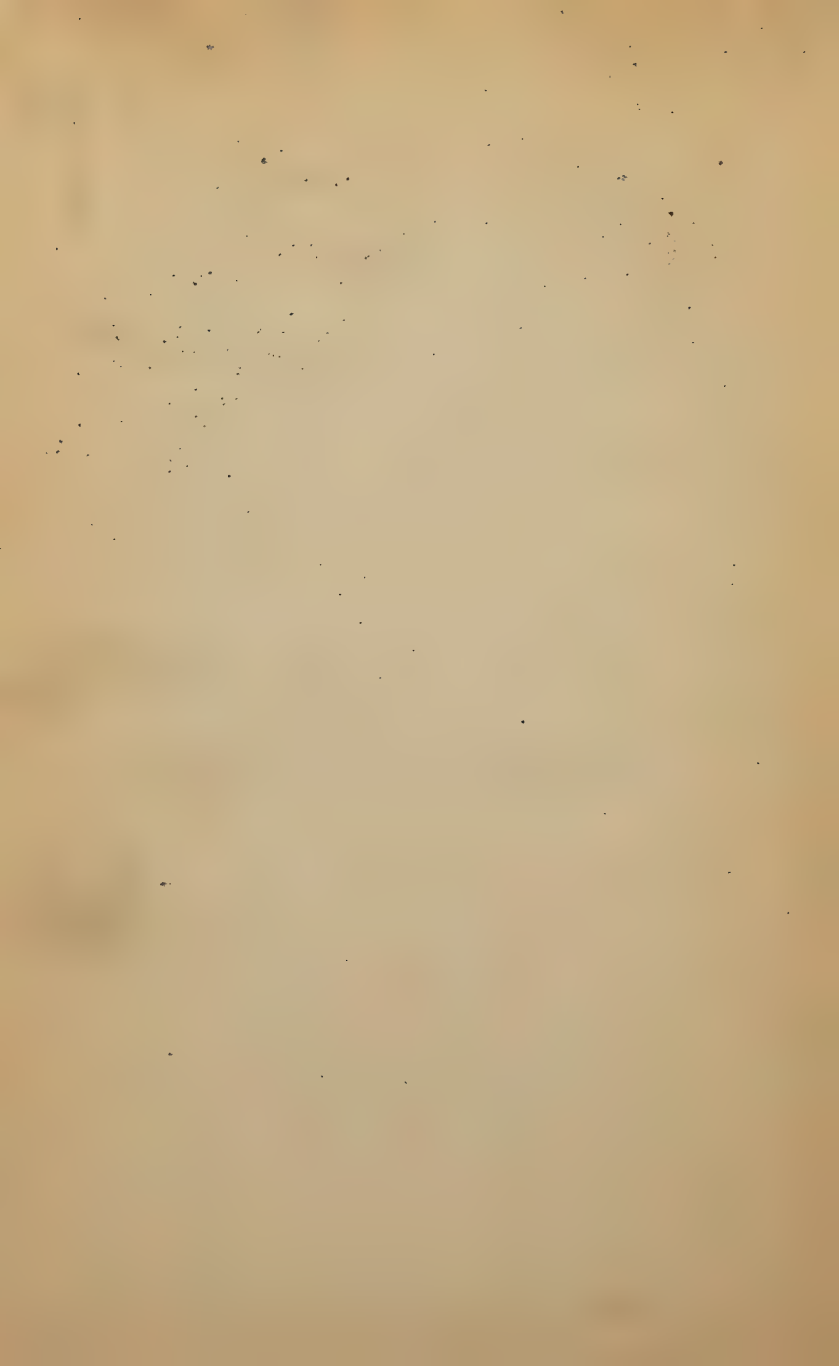


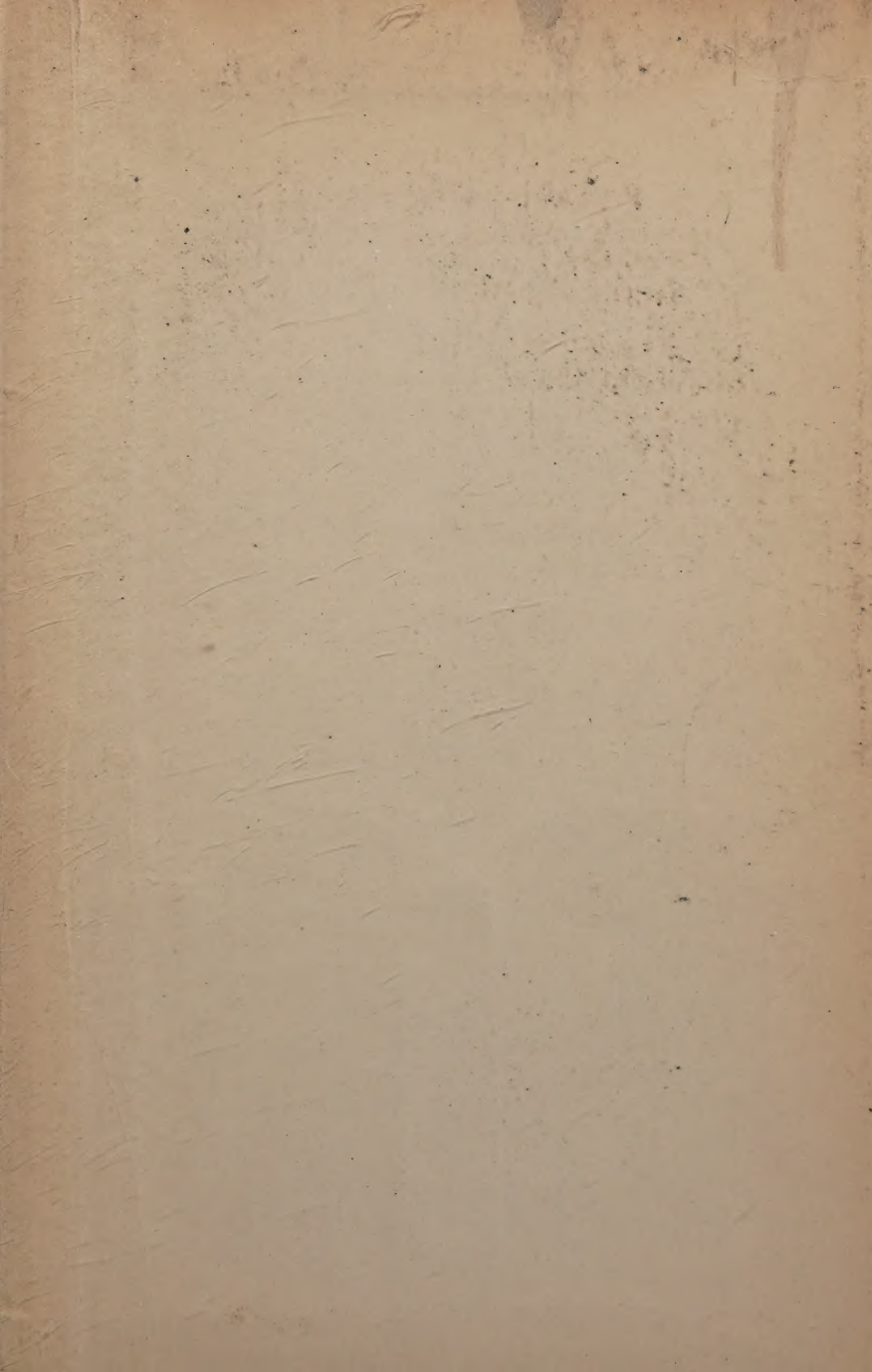
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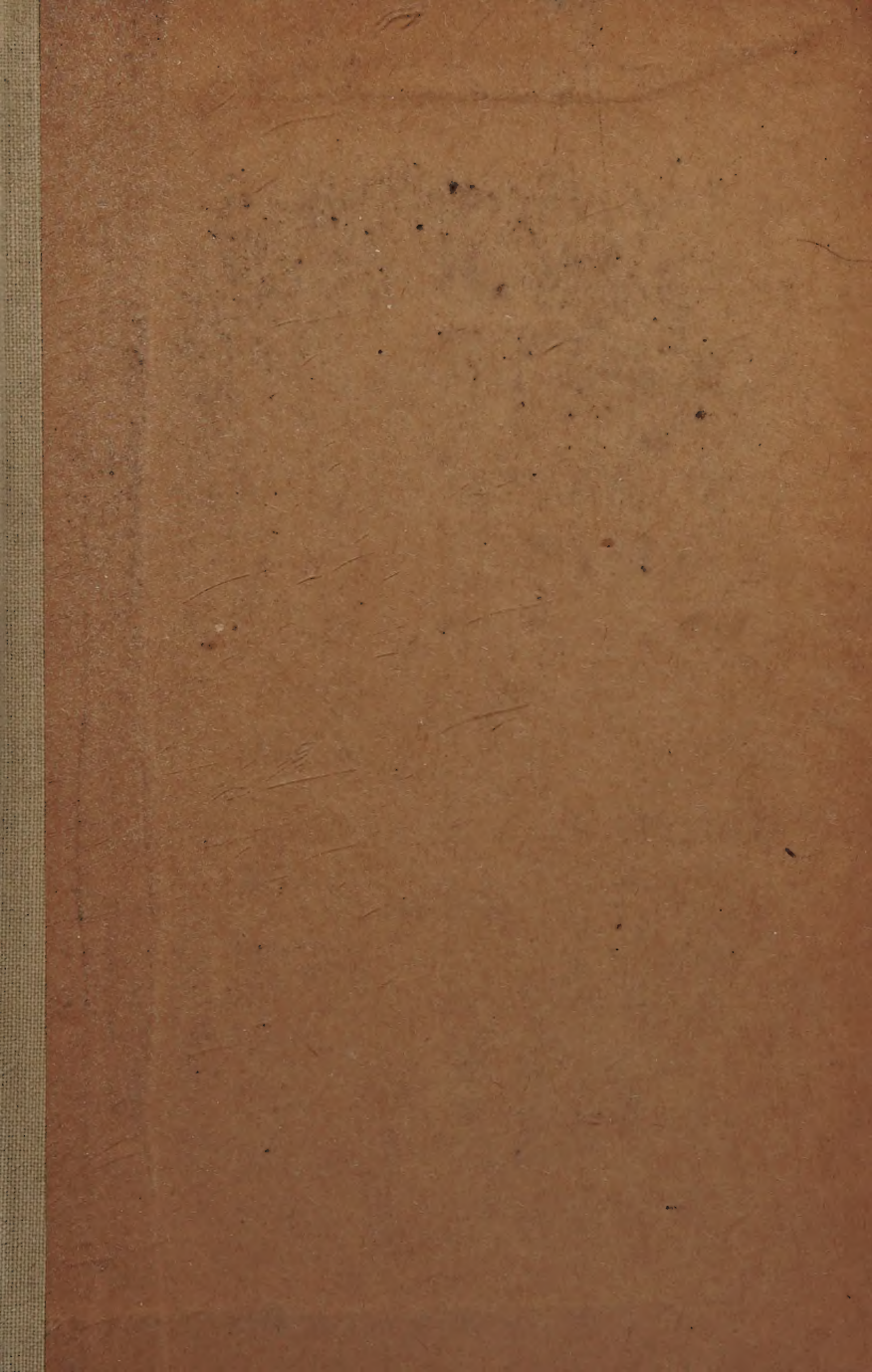
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